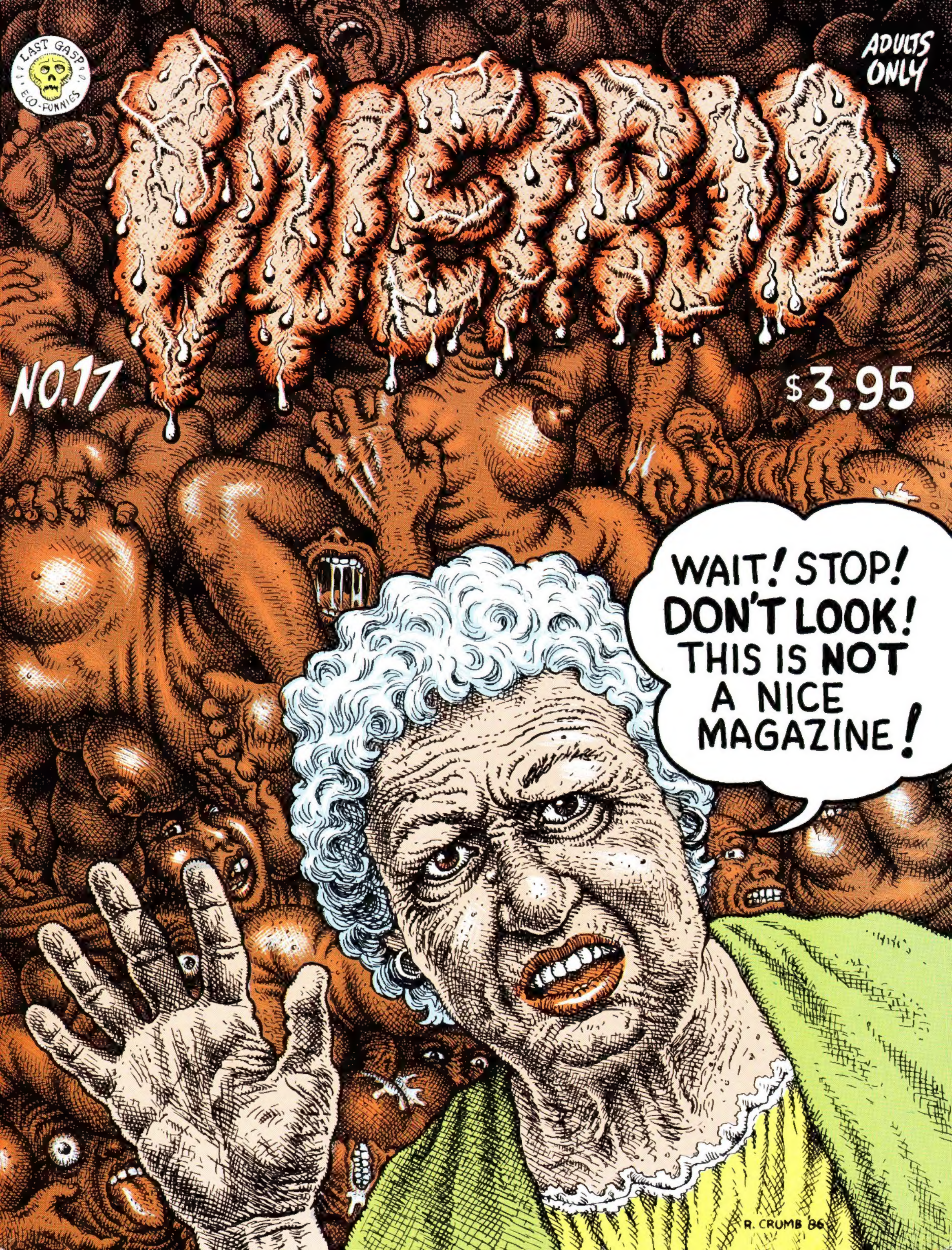
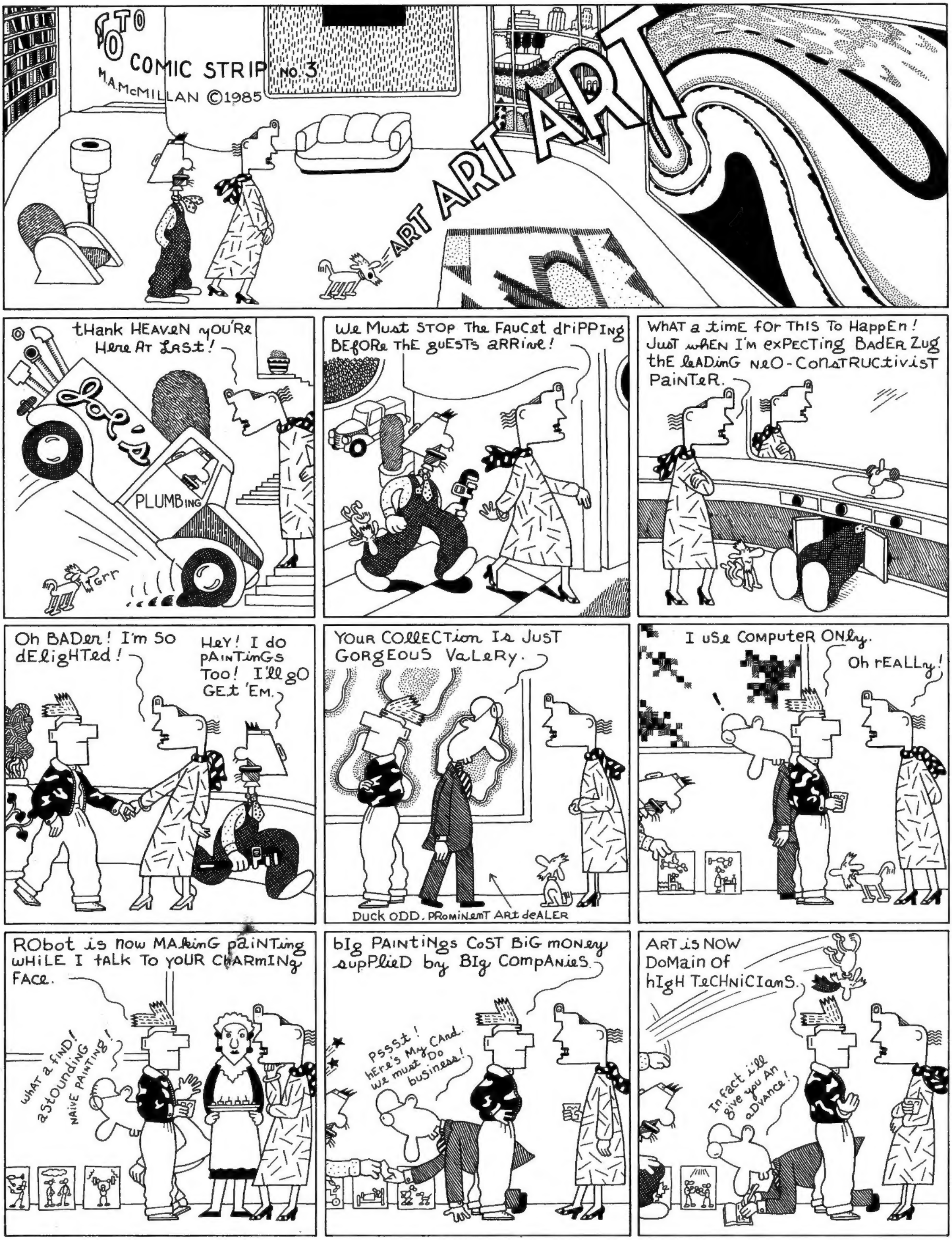
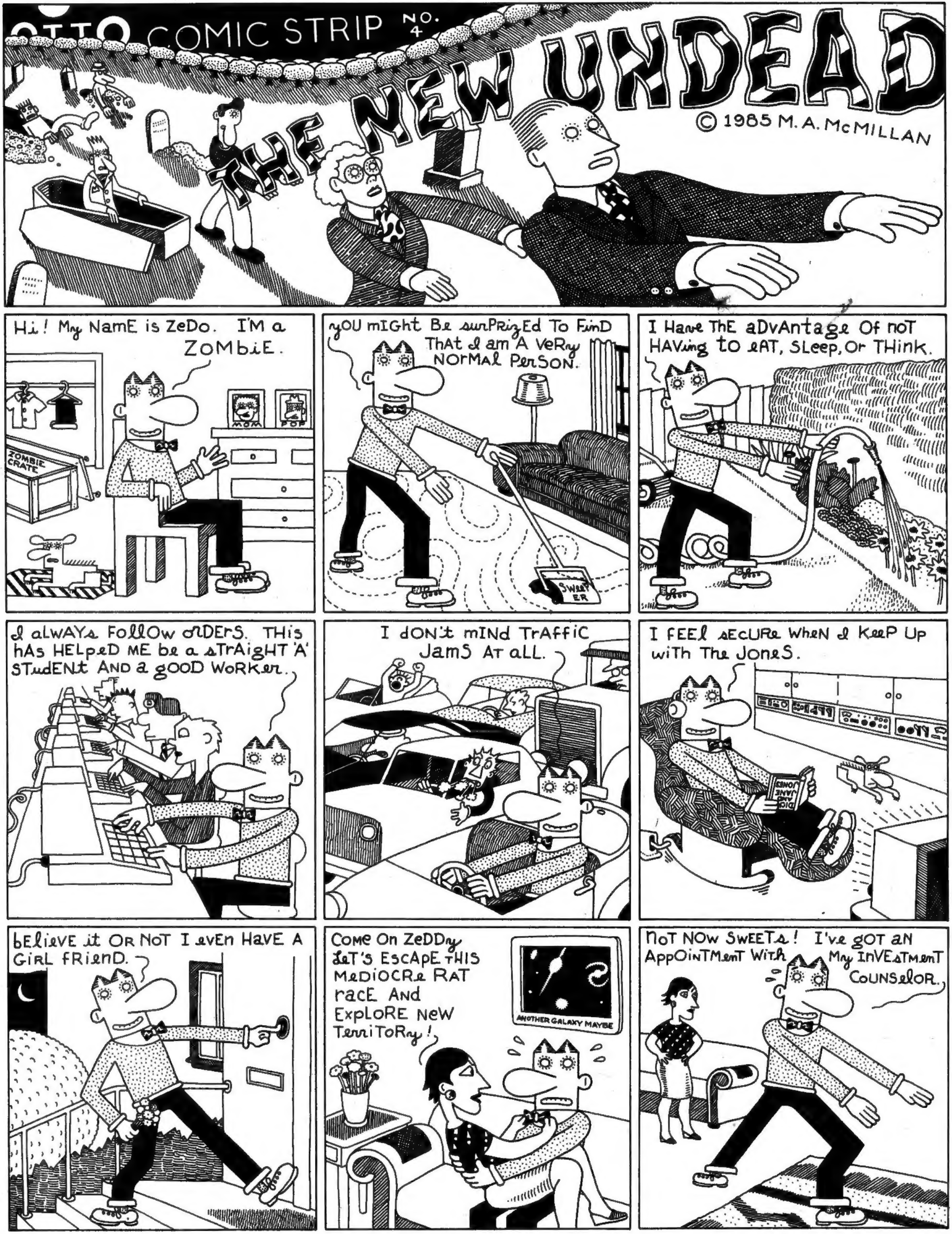

LAST GASP ECO-FUNNIES
WEIRDO
ADULTS ONLY
NO.17
$3.95
WAIT! STOP! DON'T LOOK! THIS IS NOT A NICE MAGAZINE!
R. CRUMB '86


OTTO
COMIC STRIP NO. 3
M.A. McMILLAN ©1985
ART ART ART ART
tHank HEAVeN YOU'Re Here At Last!
Joe's PLUMBing
Grr
We Must STOP The FAUCet driPPing BEFORe THE guESTS aRRive!
WHAT a time FOR THIS To HappEn! Just wHEN I'M exPECTing BADER Zug tHE leADinG neO-ConstRUCtivist PainTeR.
Oh BADer! I'm SO dELighTEd!
HeY! I do pAINTinGs Too! I'll gO GEt 'EM.
YOUR COLLECTion Is JUST GORGEOUS VaLeRY.
DUCK ODD, PRominent Art deALER
I uSe COMPUTER ONLy.
!
Oh rEALLy!
RObot is now MAkinG paiNTing wHILE I taLK To YOUR CHARMINg FACe.
what a find! astounding NAIVE PAINTING!
bIg PAINTINgs CoST BiG money suPPlieD by BIg CompANies.
Psssst! hEre's My CArd. we must Do business!
ART is NOW DoMain of hIgH TeCHNICIans.
In fact i'll give you An aDVance!

Weirdo #17 ©1993 R. Crumb. All rights reserved. Published by Last Gasp PO Box 410067 S.F. CA 94141-0067 Additional copies $5.00 each postpaid. Catalog of odd literature and underground comics $2.00. Age statement that you are over 18 years of age is required. Retailers: sell to adults only. ISBN 0-86719-173-2


OTTO COMIC STRIP NO. 4
THE NEW UNDEAD
© 1985 M. A. McMILLAN
Hi! My NamE is ZeDo. I'M a ZOMbiE.
ZOMBIE CRATE
MOM
POP
yOU mIGht Be surPRizEd To FinD ThAt I am A VeRy NOrMAl PerSON.
SWEEPER
I Have ThE aDvAntage Of noT HAVing to eAT, SLeep, Or THink.
I always FollOw orDErs. THis hAs HELpeD ME be a sTrAighT 'A' STudENt AND a gOOD WoRKer.
I dON't mINd TrAffic JamS AT aLL.
I FEEl sECuRe WheN I KeeP Up with The JoneS.
DICK AND JANE JONES
bElieve it OR NOT I even HaVE A GiRL FRienD.
Come On ZeDDy LeT'S EScApE THIS MeDiOCRe RAT racE AnD ExpLoRE New TerriToRy!
ANOTHER GALAXY MAYBE
NoT NOW SWEETs! I've gOT aN AppOiNTMent With My INVEstMent COUNSelOR.

HOW FAST WAS THAT MOOSE GOING WHEN IT BUSTED IN?

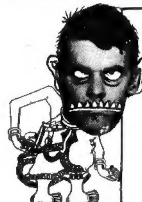
It's WEIRDO

BOWLING TOURNAMENT
THAT'S WALLY THE CHAMP, THEY SAY HE HAS BOWLING IN HIS BLOOD

NUMBER 17

"A HORRID LITTLE MAGAZINE, PUT OUT BY HORRID LITTLE PEOPLE"

SUMMER, 1986



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Send your comments to:
P. Bagge
P.O. Box 34
Kirkland, Wa
98033

ANYTHING GOES!! THAT'S OUR MOTTO HERE AT WEIRDO H.Q., AND THAT GOES **DOUBLE** FOR THIS ISSUE, OUR **"ABSO-TIVELY POSI-LUTELY ANYTHING GOES"** ISSUE, IN THAT IT HAS JUST ABOUT EVERYTHING YOU DISCRIMINATING COMIC FANS COULD ASK FOR: **COMEDY! DRAMA! PATHOS! TOOTLES! BLASTS FROM THE PAST!!** SO NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT WEIRDO DOESN'T GO OUT OF IT'S WAY TO PROVIDE THE LATEST AND THE GREATEST IN "SEQUENTIAL ILLUSTRATION"!

STARTING NEXT ISSUE WEIRDO WILL BE ASSEMBLED AND EDITED BY NONE OTHER THAN **ALINE KOMINSKY-CRUMB,** (THUS MAKING WEIRDO A "MOM 'N' POP" BIZNIZ) SO FROM HERE ON SEND ALL OF YOUR SUBMISSIONS, SUGGESTIONS AND FUTURE COMMENTS TO HER AT THIS NEW (ACTUALLY OLD) ADDRESS:

BOX 533
WINTERS, CA
95694

ALINE CAN'T WAIT TO GET STARTED IN HER NEW ROLE AS COMIC-BOOK TASTE-MAKER, AND SHES GOT LOTS OF **IDEAS** AND **ENERGY** TO PUT INTO THIS 'ZINE, SO IF YOU'VE BEEN HEARING RUMORS THAT THE BIG W MIGHT BITE THE DUST ALLOW ME TO PUT AN END TO THEM RIGHT NOW. THIS HERE MAG WILL **NEVER** DIE, AND THE MORE THOSE NAY-SAYERS TRY TO BURY US AND HURL EPITAPHS IN OUR DIRECTION, THE BIGGER AND **MEANER** AND **MIGHTIER** WE BECOME! **GRRROWLLL!!!!** GO AHEAD, TRY AND MESS WITH US. WE LOVE IT! **WE FEED OFF OF YOUR HATE!** WE'RE LIKE A **B-MOVIE SPACE MONSTER** STALKING THE COUNTRYSIDE, TERRORIZING THE TIMID AND **RUINING LAWNS!** LET THERE BE NO DOUBT THAT **WEIRDO SHALL RULE 4-EVER!!!**

NOW IF YOU WERE REALLY MY FRIEND YOU'D RUN OFF WITH MY WIFE

PETER,

...WEIRDO SEEMS TO ME TO BE DRIFTING TO AN INGLORIOUS HALT. ARE YOU PERHAPS SPREADING YOURSELF TOO THIN? THE LAST THREE ISSUES HAVE BEEN GOOD ENOUGH, BUT WITHOUT ANY MIND-BOILING STANDOUTS OR THAT DELICATE TENSION THAT HOLDS THE BEST ISSUES (LIKE #11) TOGETHER. I SUPOSE YOU CAN'T BE BLAMED FOR NOT HAVING GREAT MATERIAL SUBMITTED TO YOU, BUT IT SEEMS TO ME THAT PAST ISSUES HAVE BENEFITTED FROM THE EDITORS EXTRAORDINARY INVOLVEMENT IN THE PRODUCTION OF THE BOOK. CRUMB OBVIOUSLY LABORED LIKE A DRUDGE ON THE FIRST ISSUES; THEN HIS MIND SEEMED TO BE DISTRACTED. THE INTENSE COHESION THAT BOUND THE CONTENTS OF EACH ISSUE INTO A VIBRANT MASS SEEMED TO WANE. WHEN YOU TOOK OVER, **BLAM!** THE ENERGY LEVEL WENT THROUGH THE ROOF!

BUT HERE'S ISSUE #16, WITH **NOTHING** BY YOU, A MERE 5 PAGES OF SOME OF THE MOST FLACCID CRUMB IN PRINT (AND THAT GOES DOUBLE FOR THE COVER), AND AS FOR THE REST... IT'S ALL WORTH CHECKING OUT, AND THE REALLY GOOD THINGS (FATAL FELLATIO, KIM DEITCH) ARE TREASURES, BUT THE CONTENT THESE FIND THEMSELVES IN BADLY SAPS THEIR VITALITY, AT LEAST THAT'S HOW I FEEL... BASICALLY, WHAT THIS ISSUE LACKS IS YOU, YOUR WORK AND EDITORIAL FINESSE. AM I RIGHT?...

— JIM WOODRING,
GLENDALE, CA

(A LOT OF WHAT YOU SAY IS TRUE, JIM. THAT'S WHY I'M DOING THE WHOLE WORLD A BIG FAVOR BY QUITTING! — ED.)

DEAR P. BAGGE,

(I HAD A CAT NAMED PEE-BAG, BUT IT GOT RUN OVER) I LIKED THE LAST ISSUE. (#15) IT'S ALWAYS GOOD TO SEE NEW WORK BY WILSON. LOVED "FISHLIPS". WHAT A PATHETIC GEEK! I'D LIKE TO SEE "FISHLIPS' FIRST LAY". I BET HE COMES ON HER LEG. MY FAVORITE STORY SO FAR IS STILL "THE REJECT" THOUGH. I SWEAR I KNEW A GUY JUST LIKE HIM IN MY SCHOOL. *(OH NO! NOT ANOTHER REJECT STORY! — ED.)* HIS NAME WAS JOEL STURKIN. I WAS THE LEADER OF THE "JOEL PATROL". WE WOULD RAZZ HIM WITHOUT MERCY. HE PROBABLY IS A VICE-PRESIDENT OF A HUGE MEGA-CORPORATION TODAY, DRINKING THE BEST BOOZE AND FUCKING THE FINEST WOMEN, WHILE I SWILL PISS AND JERK-OFF. GOD-DAMNED NO GOOD RETARD **MOTHER-FUCKING BRAIN-DEAD ASSHOLE I SHOULD HAVE BEAT THE SHIT OUT OF HIM WHEN I HAD THE CHANCE!** OH WELL...

— LOVE + KISSES,
SKUTCH BUNDY

HEY DUDE!

...WHEN YOU FIRST STARTED EDITING WEIRDO I WAS ONE OF THOSE PEOPLE WHO SAID "WHAT NERVE TO THINK HE COULD REPLACE THE GREAT R. CRUMB", BUT THEN I STARTED TO ENJOY WEIRDO MORE THAN EVER, SO I SHUT UP... AS FOR YOUR "POLICY" OF OFFENDING "OVERLY SENSITIVE PEOPLE", **GO FOR IT!** EACH PERSON MAY DRAW THEIR OWN LINE BETWEEN WHAT'S FUNNY AND WHAT'S BAD TASTE, BUT WHEN THEY START COMPLAINING THEY SHOULD CONSIDER WHO MIGHT BE OFFENDED BY WHAT **THEY** THINK IS FUNNY. CRUMB AND THE FRIEDMAN BROS. MAY PUSH THE LIMIT SOMETIMES, BUT THAT'S WHAT MAKES THEIR WORK SO HYSTERICAL. EVERYTHING THAT'S FUNNY IS TABOO. FOR EXAMPLE, KIDS WOULDN'T GET SUCH A BIG KICK OUT OF DIRTY WORDS IF THEY WEREN'T "FORBIDDEN" TO SAY THEM. SO AS FAR AS **I'M** CONCERNED, **ANYTHING GOES!** *(THAT'S OUR MOTTO! — ED.)*

— LESLIE REMER,
POUGHKEEPSIE, N.Y.

MISTER BAGGE,

MY FIRST EXPOSURE TO WEIRDO: THE COVER TO #14. I STARED AND ASKED MYSELF: "WHO IS THIS R. CRUMB FELLOW? COULD THAT BE A PSEUDONYM?" I **BOUGHT** THAT ISSUE. I **ENJOYED** IT.

I HUNTED BACK ISSUES IN LOCAL SHOPS, LEARNED "ROBERT CRUMB" IS HIS REAL NAME, AND SOMEHOW MANAGED, **THROUGH EXERSION OF WILL**, TO LOVE HIS WORK.

MY THOUGHTS ON #15:

COVER: SORRY, BUT I BELIEVE MENTIONING REAGAN WAS NOT SO GREAT. EXCELLENT NIKES AND SOCKS THO". (I LIKED THE OLD BORDER COVERS BETTER.)

J.D. KING: HE (SHE?)'S SORT OF OKAY.

S. CLAY WILSON: TEAR-AFYING. "REAL". OUCH.

SEDA: FINE.

UGLY ART: MY FAVES WERE ENRIQUEZ, XNO AND WATERS.

FISHLIP: MADE ME SAD. POOR MAN.

PETTIBON: MIXED FEELINGS ABOUT THIS. TOO MUCH BEATLES MENTALITY FOR MY TASTE. LIKED THE FALLING BODIES SEQUENCE. WAS PETTIBON A MEMBER OF MANSON'S FAMILY?

DEITCH: NOT TOO HIP ON THIS ONE EITHER. BETTER LAUGHS FROM GRIFFITH IN THIS VIEN.

KAZ: STUPID. TOTS GOT NOTHING ON C. BURN'S BIG BABY OR EL BORBA. VISUAL RIP-OFF OF BURNS! BUT I'LL FORGIVE HIM DUE TO HIS COOL PSEUDONYM.

YOUR STUFF: IN MY MIND, STICKING OUT LIKE AN EYE-NEEDLE, IS "JESUS CRITTERS." "RADICAL TEETH, WOBBLY LIMBS, BEACH-BLANKETBLOODBUCKETBOOB BISON BAGGE".

I WAS CERTAINLY BUMMED TO LEARN THAT YOUR NAME ISN'T A PSEUDONYM.

— PERCY LUSTRE, AKA "KNOBS",
GRAND RAPIDS, MI

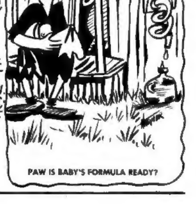
("PERCY LUSTRE"... COULD THAT BE A PSEUDONYM? — ED.)

PETER,

THANKS FOR RUNNING MY LOGO. THAT ONE SIMPLE ACCOMPLISHMENT DID WONDERS FOR MY PATHETIC EGO. I DON'T KNOW WHICH FELT BETTER: **THAT,** OR BUYING MY **BRAND NEW 1986 FIERO.** (SEE PHOTO). SERIOUSLY THOUGH, MY WHOLE GOAL STILL HIDDEN BEHIND THIS VENEER OF MATERIALISM IS TO BE A WACKED-OUT CARTOONIST. EVERYTHING IS MIGRATING TO THAT END, BUT HOW TO DO THAT WITHOUT HAVING TO MAKE SACRIFICES IS VERY TRICKY INDEED. *(YOU DON'T SAY!!! — ED.)* IT SEEMS LIKE FEW CAN BRAVE THROUGH IT, YET AT THE SAME TIME A PERSON CAN BE WELL FED BUT STILL FEEL SPIRITUALLY EMPTY WITHOUT THEIR ARTWORK.

— BUSTER CALHOUN,
FAIROAKS, CA

CORRECTION: LAST ISSUE I HAD CREDITED THE LOGO ARTIST AS "BUSTER CALHOUN THE HUMAN CARTOON", WHEN IT SHOULD HAVE READ: "BUSTER CALHOUN THE LIVING CARTOON". I APOLOGIZE FOR THIS GRAVE ERROR.


PAW IS BABY'S FORMULA READY?

WEIRDO #17, SUMMER 1986. PUBLISHED BY LAST GASP ECO-FUNNIES.

TAKE ME TO YOUR CHIEF EARTHMAN

DEAR PETE,

...AS FOR WEIRDO #16, CAREL MOISEIWITSCH'S WORK IS ALWAYS WELCOME, AS SHE SEEMS TO BE ONE OF THE MOST EMOTIONAL ARTISTS I'VE SEEN IN COMICS, AND HER INTENSE DRAWINGS ARE GREAT FOR DRAWING WEIRD STATES OF MIND.

...ALSO LIKED THE INTRO TO PUNK MAGAZINE. NEVER HEARD OF IT UNTIL NOW.

ONE MORE THING: SEE IF YOU CAN BEAT SOME MORE WORK OUTTA KAZ, AND THAT GOES DOUBLE FOR THOSE SCUMBAG FRIEDMAN BROS! *(HMMM... THAT'S A TACTIC I HAVEN'T TRIED BEFORE— **BEATING** WORK OUT OF PEOPLE!—ED.)*

WELL, UNTIL WE HAVE A PRE—ARMAGEDDON SALE AT MY LOCAL SUPERMARKET, ADIOS!

—VERNON L. WILEY,
CHICAGO, IL

DEAR PETER,

...THREE FUNDAMENTAL IDEAS FUNDAMENTALLY SUMMERIZE WEIRDO'S PHILOSOPHY. THEY ARE:

1. THE MIND IS USELESS.
2. MAN IS DEPRAVED AND HELPLESS.
3. LIFE IS SHIT.

NOW NOTICE THAT THESE THREE FUNDAMENTALS ARE COMMONPLACE IN TODAY'S CULTURE. THERE ARE DIFFERENCES IN DEGREE, BUT THE THREE FUNDAMENTALS ARE THERE. AS SUCH, WEIRDO IS VERY COMFORTABLY WITHIN THE MAINSTREAM OF MODERN ART.

IMAGINE THAT "STREAM". IT IS MOVING SLUGGISHLY TOWARD A WATERFALL SOME DISTANCE AHEAD. THE STREAM'S WATER IS HOPELESSLY POLLUTED AND POISONED WITH THE THREE IDEAS I LISTED. THERE ARE NUMEROUS TURDS FLOATING IN THE RIVER. ONE TURD IS SWIMMING WITH THE CURRENT FASTER THAN MOST OTHERS. IT SHOUTS "LOOK! I'M DIFFERENT! I'M DIFFERENT!" AND ALL THE TIME THE ONLY "DIFFERENCE" IS THAT IT IS HEADING MORE QUICKLY TOWARD THE DISASTER THAT ALL THE OTHERS ARE HEADING TOWARDS. THIS TURD WOULD ADEQUATELY DESCRIBE WEIRDO.

AND YET YOU SAY THAT WEIRDO IS AN ALTERNATIVE FROM THE NUMBING BLANDNESS OF "ACCEPTABLE" PUBLICATIONS AND ART, AND OFFER, IN TURN, MORE OF THE SAME SHIT? HOW CAN SHIT BE AN ALTERNATIVE TO SHIT? HOW CAN NOTHING BE AN ALTERNATIVE TO NOTHING? CONTRARY TO YOUR CLAIM, WEIRDO FITS IN PERFECTLY WITH "REAGAN-80'S-USA". YOU ARE A PART OF THE STATUS-QUO. THERE IS ONLY ONE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN WEIRDO AND MOST OTHER SO-CALLED "SERIOUS" CULTURE; THE DIFFERENCE OF DEGREE. YOU STILL OFFER THE SAME THREE FUNDAMENTALS: THE MIND IS USELESS. MAN IS DEPRAVED AND HELPLESS. LIFE IS SHIT. SOME ALTERNATIVE.

...THE OBJECTIVIST WRITER LEONARD PEIKOFF WROTE AN EXCELLENT BOOK CALLED "THE OMINOUS PARALLELS". THE PARALLELS IN THE TITLE ARE BETWEEN PHILOSOPHICAL TRENDS IN PRESENT-DAY USA AND WEIMAR GERMANY, IN WHOSE CULTURE WEIRDO WOULD HAVE FIT IN WITH PERFECTLY.

JUDGING FROM THE LETTERS, SOME OF YOUR READERS SEEM UNEASY WITH THE TONE OF WEIRDO. I WOULD LIKE TO ASSURE THEM THAT THERE **IS** AN ALTERNATIVE TO MEAN-SPIRITEDNESS, TERROR, AND VOMIT-WORSHIP THAT IS THE HALLMARK OF WEIRDO. IT IS THE PHILOSOPHY OF OBJECTIVISM. CHECK IT OUT. YOU WON'T BE SORRY.

—RODNEY SCHROETER,
RANDOM LAKE,
WI

NOW WE HAVE AN ACT THAT IS SIMPLY OUT OF THIS WORLD

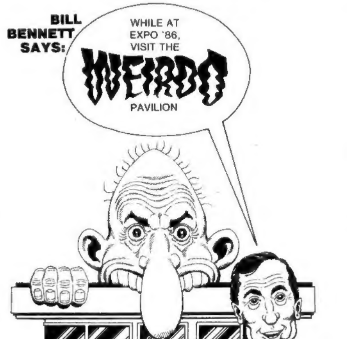
DEAR PETER AND ASSOCIATED WEIRDOS,

...I HAD READ IN THE COMICS JOURNAL INTERVIEW WITH YOU AND THE OLD FUDDY-DUDDY THAT NOBODY LIKED NORMAN F. PETTINGILL'S STUFF IN #12. TELL CRUMB THAT AT LEAST ONE PERSON OUT HERE LIKED THOSE POSTCARDS, AND THAT THEY ARE ONE FEATURE I GO BACK AND PONDER AGAIN. HE REALLY CAUGHT A WILD SLICE OF LIFE HERE IN WISCONSIN. (OR AT LEAST ONE VIEW)....

...I'VE BEEN READING COMICS ALL MY LIFE, FROM CHARLES ADDAMS TO BATMAN TO ZAP AND WEIRDO. KEEP BRINGING US NEW ARTISTS, NEW STYLES, NEW IDEAS! WEIRDO PLUGS ME INTO A LOT OF STUFF I COULDN'T OTHERWISE SEE...

...I COULD GO ON AND ON, BUT YOU GET THE POINT. WEIRDO SHOULD CONTINUE TO CHANGE AND EVOLVE. EACH NEW ISSUE IS A NEW ADVENTURE!

— JYM MOONEY,
MILWAUKEE, WI


BILL BENNETT SAYS:
WHILE AT EXPO '86, VISIT THE WEIRDO PAVILION
Ullrich

—FROM PAUL ULLRICH,
WINNIPEG, MANT.

YO PETER!

...WISH I COULD GIVE YOU SOME BIG, LONG CRITICAL ESSAY ON WHAT WEIRDO #16 MEANT TO ME AND AMERICA AT LARGE, BUT SHIT, WHO CARES? IT MADE ME LAUGH, AND THAT'S ALL THAT REALLY MATTERS TO ME. "DIRTY LAUNDRY COMICS" WITH THE PINE SCENTED ANT + ROACH KILLER—THAT'S MY PLACE! AND I'LL KILL EVERY ONE OF THOSE BASTARDS EVEN IF I END UP ON MY BACK WITH ALL MY APPENDAGES TWITCHING IN THE AIR... CAREL MOISIEWITSCH'S STUFF IS ALWAYS GREAT. LOVE THAT SCRATCHY SHIT! THE PUNK ARTICLE WAS INTERESTING—WISH I COULDA SEEN MORE OF 'EM WHILE IT WAS STILL AROUND. THIS NEW GUY ZINGARELLI IS A-O.K., AND CORCORAN'S "REGULAR JOE" WAS TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT! A FINE COMPILATION OF DIVERGENT STYLES, SO IN MY BOOK YA DONE A GOOD JOB!

AS FOR ISSUE #15, PETTIBON'S STUFF WAS OF COURSE GREAT, ONE OF THE PIECES I GO BACK TO RE-READ. AFTER GROWING UP IN THE 60'S AND GRIMACING EVERYTIME I THINK OF THOSE **STUPID FUCKIN' ULTRA-BELL-BOTTOMS** I WORE IT'S GOOD TO SEE SOMEONE ELSE CRINGE ABOUT THOSE TIMES TOO. (REVOLUTION? WANNA BUY SOME LAND IN FLORIDA?)

...OK, SO I DID MAKE A BIG, LONG ESSAY, BUT IT **STILL** DON'T MEAN SHIT WHAT I THINK. I'M GONNA BUY EVERY ISSUE OF WEIRDO ANYWAY. IT'S ONE OF THE FEW PUBLICATIONS WITH THE BALLS (OR STUPIDITY) TO PRINT ANYTHING DIFFERENT AND THAT'S WORTH THE PRICE, REGARDLESS OF WHETHER I LIKE ALL THE STUFF IN IT OR NOT.

—D.C. ROBERTS,
LONG BEACH, CA

P.S: ALSO LOVED "UNCLE HAL". EVERY FAMILY MUST HAVE AT LEAST ONE RELIGIOUS FANATIC WHO THINKS THAT LIFE IS ONLY FOR SUFFERING.

KING IS KING!

...AS A LONG TIME UNDERGROUND COMIC AND WEIRDO READER, I WANT TO THANK YOU FOR BRINGING ANARCHY AND DISSENT BACK INTO COMICS ...IT'S GREAT TO KNOW THAT THERE'LL ALWAYS BE A HOME FOR J.D. KING AND THE OL' N.Y.C. "PUNK" SCHOOL OF CARTOONING (I CRIED WHEN BAD NEWS DIED)...

—ANDREW WEBSTER,
N.Y.C., NY

WHY CAN'T I ENTER THE RACE IT'S STOCK

... ADD MY NAME TO THE LIST OF J.D. KING FANS. IT'S NICE TO SEE SOME GOOD OL' "DISRESPECT-FOR-OUR-ELDERS" IN COMIX AGAIN. I ALSO LOVE ALL THE SHORT STRIPS BY J.D., WORDEN AND WEINER. "MR. SPACEMAN" WAS SO FUCKING **DUMB** I LAUGHED FOR HALF AN HOUR...

— M. MORRIS,
PORTLAND, OR

...J.D. KING AND DENNIS WORDEN ARE HILARIOUS PEOPLE! **HAVE LOTS AND LOTS OF STUFF BY THEM IN EVERY ISSUE!!!...**

—LYNN VON SCHLICHTING,
N.Y.C., NY

*(AFTER INITIALLY GETTING MOSTLY NEGATIVE RESPONSES ON THESE GUYS, J.D. KING AND WORDEN SUDDENLY HAVE FANS COMING OUT OF THE WOODWORK! **NOW** MOST OF THE COMPLAINTS ARE DIRECTED AT S. CLAY WILSON, WHO'S WORK "ISN'T FUNNY" BECAUSE—HEAVEN HELP US!—IT'S "SEXIST AND RACIST"! BOY, TRYING TO MAKE A "CONCENSUS" SURE HAS BEEN A WASTE OF TIME!)*

DEAR MR. BAGGE,

I HAVE JUST FINISHED WEIRDO #16 AND AM RESPONDING TO YOUR "DESPERATE" APPEAL FOR COMMENT. ONE KEEPS HEARING THAT WEIRDO MIGHT NOT LAST MUCH LONGER *(WEIRDO WILL NEVER DIE!—ED)* I TAKE IT THE MAGAZINE IS NOT SELLING WELL. CRUMB'S RECENT COVERS SEEM CALCULATED TO KILL SALES. COMPARE FAILING WEIRDO WITH THE HIGHLY SUCCESFUL COMIX MAG RAW. MAYBE THE POWERS-THAT-BE AT WEIRDO CAN LEARN SOMETHING. RAW HAS FOCUS AND **FLASH**. IT'S CONTENT, LIKE WEIRDO'S IS MOSTLY NEGATIVE, BUT THE DESIGN AND PRODUCTION VALUES ARE QUITE THE REVERSE—THEY "MAKE YOU FEEL GOOD."

ALL IN ALL, WEIRDO HAS BETTER ARTISTS (I ONLY LIKE RAW'S "STARS" MARK BEYER AND ART SPIEGLEMAN)—THOUGH K. DEITCH'S STORY WAS SO POWERFUL IT LEFT MUCH OF THE REST OF #16 IN THE SHADE.

I WAS THE FIRST TO COLLECT ALINE K.-CRUMB'S COMIC STRIP ART, BUT I MUST ADMIT THAT THE "SVELTE" ALINE IS KINDA BORING AND "NORMAL", AND "MIDDLE-AGED" BOB IS TOTALLY BORING IN #16'S "DIRTY LAUNDRY" STORY.

IT WAS NICE TO SEE DIANE NOOMIN'S "BRILLO + BURMA IN BARE DISPAIR" WITH ITS DEPICTION OF SURREALISTIC MIDDLE-CLASS AMERICAN LIFE.

— ALFRED BERGDOLL
NYC, NY

DEAR "EDITOR" BAGGE DE KAKA,

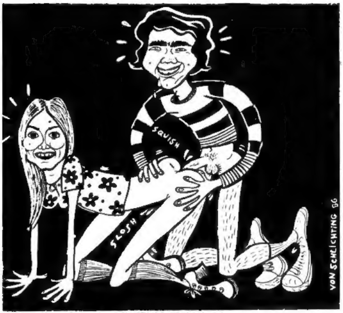
IT WAS WITH THE UTMOST DELIGHT THAT I LEARNED WEIRDO **IS** LOSING YOUR TALENT! IT HAS SUNK ABOUT AS FAR DOWN, UNDER YOUR ASTONISHING ABILITIES, TO THE CRASSEST SUBURBAN MEDIOCRITY AND "NORMALITY" AS SEEMS POSSIBLE. YOU MANAGED TO COMPLETELY REMOVE THE WEIRD FROM WEIRDO AND TURN IT INTO—LET'S TAKE THE BULL BY THE TAIL AND FACE THE MATTER—**SHIT**. WHERE DID CRUMB EVER **FIND** YOU—UNDER THE OUTHOUSE? ANYWAY, THERE'S NO WAY FOR WEIRDO TO GO NOW BUT UP!

SCATOLOGICALLY YOURS,

—EDWIN BERGDOLL,
DUTTON, VA

P.S.: "BET YOU DON'T PRINT THIS"!

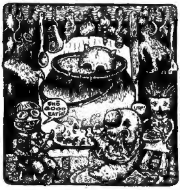
YOU SHOULD SEE MY BOY FRIEND, HE'S SIMPLY OUT OF THIS WORLD


SQUISH
SLOSH
VON SCHLICHTING 86

COMICS

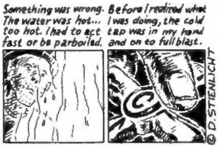
Weirdo Recommends:

·**PRIVATE HELL**— RAUNCH FIEND/ART-SCHOOL GRADUATE LYNN VON SCHLICHTING (WHO'S RESPONSIBLE FOR THE BRADY PORN ABOVE, AS WELL AS "ISLE OF LUST" STRIP IN THIS ISSUE) OFFERS THIS COLLECTION OF HILARIOUSLY DEPRESSING TALES OF CHRONIC LOSERS IN NO-WIN SITUATIONS. A FUTURE COLLECTION OF T.V. SMUT IS FORTHCOMING. $1.50 TO: 210 W.19th. ST, # 1-K, NYC, NY, 10011

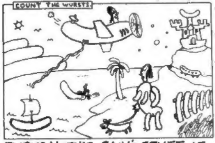

SHO GOOD EATIN'!
URP!

© XNO

· **SCRATCHEZ**—SINCE WE LAST PLUGGED THE "MINI-COMIC", EDITORS BOB LEWIS + KATHE PRITZ HAVE PUT OUT THREE FULL SIZED ISSUES THAT FEATURE **BEAUTIFUL** FULL-COLOR COVERS AND TOP-QUALITY ART BY THE EDS, PLUS XNO, BOBX, PIZZ, MOISIEWITSCH, AND MANY OTHERS. ALSO PACKED W/ COMIC INFO. A MUST! $2.00 TO: P.O. BOX 27854, RICHMOND, VA, 23261.


Something was wrong. The water was hot... too hot. I had to act fast or be parboiled.
Before I realized what I was doing, the cold tap was in my hand and on to full blast.
© D. STIENLICHT

·**ALL SMALL**—MINI-COMIC BY DAVID STIENLICHT. NICE STYLE, IMAGINATIVE, WELL-TOLD STORIES, SUCH AS "ROUTINE", WHICH PORTRAYS DAILY MORNING ROUTINES AS DRAMATIC LIFE + DEATH SITUATION. ALSO AVAILABLE FROM DAVID IS **COMBO**, A COLLECTION OF COMICS BY DAVE + HIS MPLS. PALS. GOOD STUFF! SEND $1.50 TO: P.O.BOX 3154, MPLS, MN, 55404.


COUNT THE WURSTS.

© B. JOHNSON

·**WURST FUNNIES**—THE LATEST BIT O' BRILLIANCE BY BRAD JOHNSON (OF **ITCHY SCALY** FAME) EACH COMIC IN THIS BOOK DEALS WITH NOTHING BUT WEINIES + BRATWURSTS, AMAZINGLY ENOUGH. THIS GUY'S STUFF IS ALWAYS FUNNY AND ENJOYABLE. $1.00 to: 2269 MARKET ST. #241, S.F., CA, 94114.

ZZZZT! ZZZZT!

© V.L. WILEY

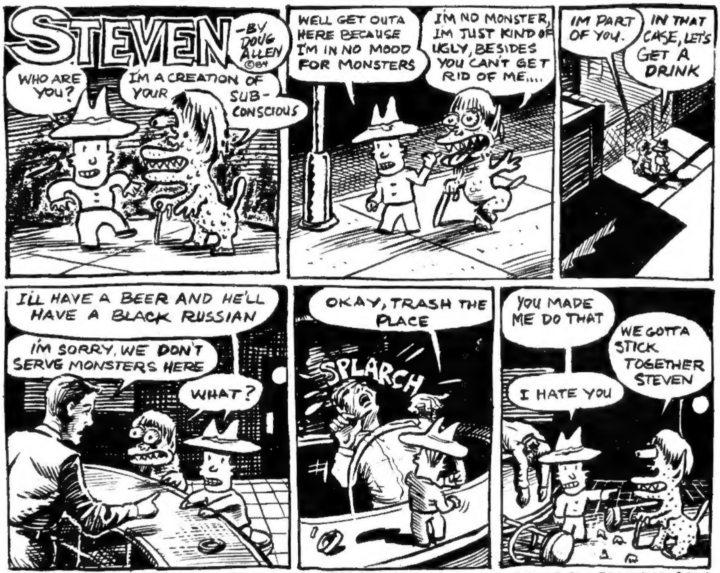
·**SPAZ**—JAGGEDY, WILD-ASSED COMICS BY CRAZED CARTOONIST VERNON L. WILEY. WIDE VARIETY OF STORIES, BUT ALL OF IT CRACKLES 'N' POPS UNDER WILEY'S CRUDE BUT ENERGETIC STYLE. $1.50 TO: 1252 W. ELMDALE, CHICAGO, ILL, 60660.

IT CAME FROM AUSTIN!

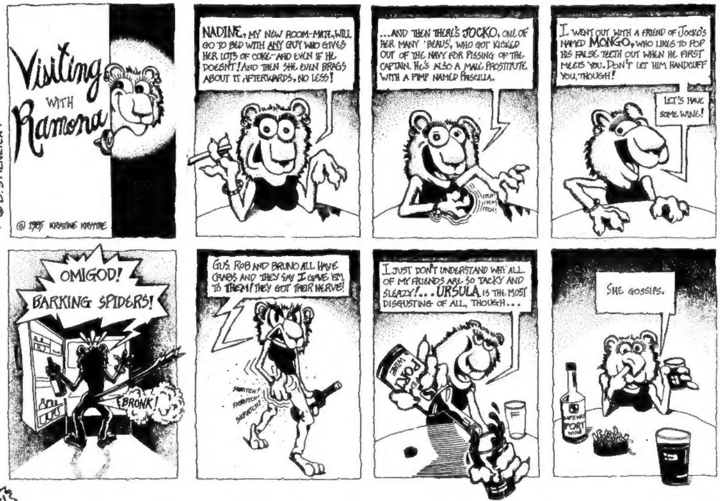
AUSTIN, TEXAS HAS GOT TO BE THE WEIRDO CAPITOL OF THE WORLD, JUDGING FROM THE MAIL AND "ART" I RECIEVE FROM THERE. TWO OF THE MORE **BIZZARE** 'ZINES I'VE SEEN FROM THIS BURG ARE:

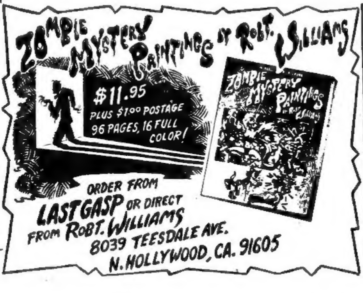
·**THE BLOTTER.**—FULL-SIZED MAG EDITED BY CARTOONIST ROY TOMPKINS WITH CONTRIBUTIONS FROM HIS DEGENERATE FRIENDS. COMICS, DRAWINGS AND SICK, SICK STORIES! SEND $1.00 FOR LATEST ISH TO: BOX 16022, AUSTIN, TX, 78761. ASK FOR FREE COPY OF ROY'S NEAT MINI-COMIC "THE MIGHTY INSECT."

SCREAMING DISASTER—DESCRIPTIVE TITLE! FEATURES EXPLOSIVE, BLOBBY COMICS, INSANE EDITORIALS + MEANINGLESS CONTESTS. A TOTAL MESS! $1.50 TO: 809 EDGECLIFF TERR, AUSTIN, TX, 78704.

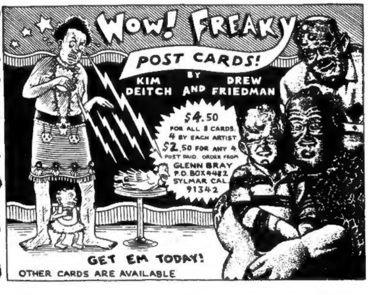

STEVEN
-BY DOUG ALLEN ©84
WHO ARE YOU?
I'M A CREATION OF YOUR SUB-CONSCIOUS
WELL GET OUTA HERE BECAUSE I'M IN NO MOOD FOR MONSTERS
I'M NO MONSTER, I'M JUST KIND OF UGLY, BESIDES YOU CAN'T GET RID OF ME....
I'M PART OF YOU.
IN THAT CASE, LET'S GET A DRINK
I'LL HAVE A BEER AND HE'LL HAVE A BLACK RUSSIAN
I'M SORRY, WE DON'T SERVE MONSTERS HERE
WHAT?
OKAY, TRASH THE PLACE
SPLARCH
YOU MADE ME DO THAT
I HATE YOU
WE GOTTA STICK TOGETHER STEVEN

THE ABOVE STRIP WAS REPRINTED FROM STEVEN, A 44-PAGE, FULL-COLOR COVER COLLECTION OF DOUG ALLEN'S EXTREMELY FUNNY AND IMAGINATIVE WEEKLY STRIP. $5.00 TO: 642 E. 14th St. #15, NYC, NY, 10009.

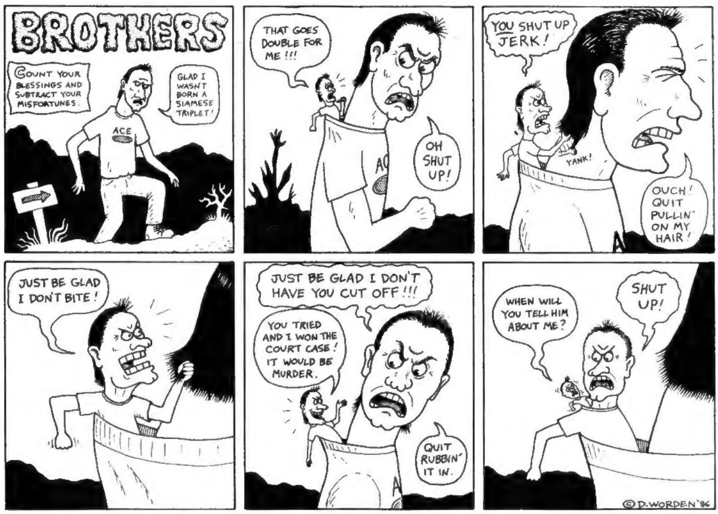

Visiting WITH Ramona
© 1985 KRISTINE KRYTTRE
NADINE, MY NEW ROOM-MATE, WILL GO TO BED WITH ANY GUY WHO GIVES HER LOTS OF COKE—AND EVEN IF HE DOESN'T! AND THEN SHE EVEN BRAGS ABOUT IT AFTERWARDS, NO LESS!
...AND THEN THERE'S JOCKO, ONE OF HER MANY 'BEAUS', WHO GOT KICKED OUT OF THE NAVY FOR PISSING ON THE CAPTAIN. HE'S ALSO A MALE PROSTITUTE WITH A PIMP NAMED PRISCILLA.
ITCH! ITCH! ITCH!
I WENT OUT WITH A FRIEND OF JOCKO'S NAMED MONGO, WHO LIKES TO POP HIS FALSE TEETH OUT WHEN HE FIRST MEETS YOU. DON'T LET HIM HANDCUFF YOU, THOUGH!
LET'S HAVE SOME WINE!
OMIGOD!
BARKING SPIDERS!
BRONK!
GUS, ROB AND BRUNO ALL HAVE CRABS AND THEY SAY I GAVE 'EM TO THEM! THEY GOT THEIR NERVE!
I JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY ALL OF MY FRIENDS ARE SO TACKY AND SLEAZY!...URSULA IS THE MOST DISGUSTING OF ALL, THOUGH...
PORT WINE
SHE GOSSIPS.

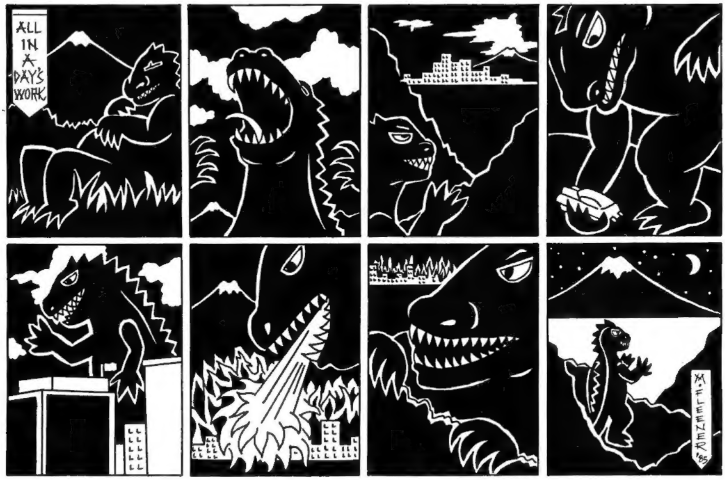

ZOMBIE MYSTERY PAINTINGS BY ROBT. WILLIAMS
ZOMBIE MYSTERY PAINTINGS BY ROBT. WILLIAMS

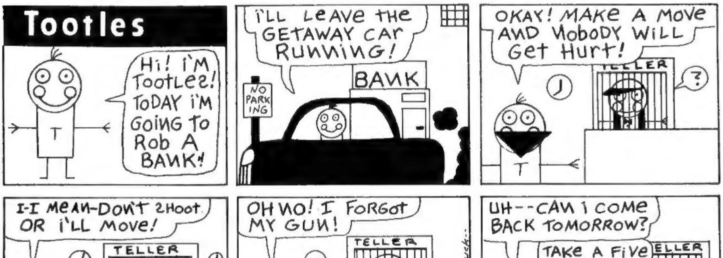
$11.95
PLUS $1.00 POSTAGE
96 PAGES, 16 FULL COLOR!
ORDER FROM LASTGASP OR DIRECT FROM ROBT. WILLIAMS
8039 TEESDALE AVE.
N. HOLLYWOOD, CA. 91605


WOW! FREAKY
POST CARDS!
BY KIM DEITCH AND DREW FRIEDMAN
GET EM TODAY!

$4.50 FOR ALL 8 CARDS, 4 BY EACH ARTIST.
$2.50 FOR ANY 4.
POST PAID. ORDER FROM
GLENN BRAY
P.O. BOX 4482
SYLMAR CAL.
91342
OTHER CARDS ARE AVAILABLE

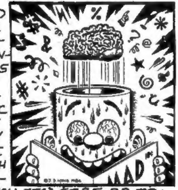

BROTHERS
COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS AND SUBTRACT YOUR MISFORTUNES.
GLAD I WASN'T BORN A SIAMESE TRIPLET!
ACE
THAT GOES DOUBLE FOR ME!!!
OH SHUT UP!
YOU SHUT UP JERK!
YANK!
OUCH! QUIT PULLIN' ON MY HAIR!
JUST BE GLAD I DON'T BITE!
JUST BE GLAD I DON'T HAVE YOU CUT OFF!!!
YOU TRIED AND I WON THE COURT CASE! IT WOULD BE MURDER.
QUIT RUBBIN' IT IN.
WHEN WILL YOU TELL HIM ABOUT ME?
SHUT UP!
© D. WORDEN '86


ALL IN A DAY'S WORK
M. FLEENER '85


Tootles
Hi! I'M Tootles! TODAY I'M GOING To Rob A BANK!
T
I'LL LeAVe the GETAWAY CAR RUNNING!
NO PARKING
BANK
OKAY! MAKE A MOVE AND NOBODY WILL GET HURT!
TELLER
I-I MEAN-DON'T SHOOT OR I'LL MOVE!
OH NO! I FORGOT MY GUN!
UH--CAN I COME BACK TOMORROW?
TAKE A FIVE ANYWAY!
©84 Struck

·DEMO —DIGEST SIZED MAG FEATURING LOTS 'N' LOTS OF SHORT COMICS BY MARY FLEENER, DENNIS WORDEN AND OTHERS. GREAT STUFF, NEEDLESS TO SAY!: $1.50 TO: 16716, DALTON AVE, GARDENA, CA, 90267.

'ZINES:



·BLAB — APTLY NAMED DIGEST-SIZED '84- PAGE BOOK DEALING SPECIFICALLY WITH U.G. CARTOONISTS THOUGHTS AND WORDS ON **E.C. COMICS**. THE PRODUCTION IS TOP—NOTCH, WITH A T-RIFFIC FULL-COLOR COVER BY J.D. KING AND NIFTY ART BY MANY OF THE "POLLED" ARTISTS(DEITCH CRUSE, J. GREEN, ARMSTRONG, WILLIAMS, LYNCH, ETC.) $7.95 P.P. TO: MONTE BEAUCHAMP, BOX 25537, CHICAGO, ILL, 60625.

·THE REALIST — PAUL KRASSNER'S SATIRICAL SOAP-BOX IS BACK IN NEWSLETTER FORM. SHARP OBSERVATIONS BY P.K. AND OTHER CONTRIBUTORS: $2.00 TO: BOX 1230, VENICE, CA, 90290.

·W.D.C. PERIOD — ONE OF THE MORE DURABLE (14 ISSUES) AND CONSCIENTIOUS PUNKZINES AROUND, AND EDITOR GORDON GORDON GIVES AS MUCH SPACE TO COMICS AND COMIC-RELATED INFO AS HE DOES TO MUSIC! EXCELLENT INTERVIEWS AND LOTS OF WORK BY LOCAL (D.C.) CARTOONISTS. GIVE IT A LOOK! $1.50 TO: CHOW-CHOW PROD. BOX 43311, WASHINGTON, D.C., 20010. (INCLUDES EXTENSIVE LISTINGS OF OTHER FANZINES.)

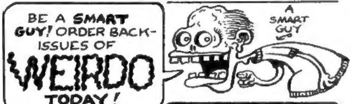
·BLATCH — JUST LIKE W.D.C.P: A PUNKZINE WITH LOTS OF SPACE DEVOTED TO COMIC ART. NICE PRODUCTION JOB. FEATURES COMICS BY WORDON, R.K. SLOANE, XNO, PLUS THE WIGGED-OUT ART OF EDITOR JIM BLANCHARD. $2.50 TO: 741 JENKINS, NORMAN, OK, 73069.

·NEXT BIG THING, KICKS AND **RUMBLE**. — YET THREE MORE MUSIC 'ZINES! NONE OF THESE RUN MUCH ON COMICS, (DAD-BURN 'EM!) BUT THEY'RE GREAT AT COVERING THE SECOND GREATEST ART FORM IN THE WORLD — PRE-'67 STYLE **ROCK 'N' ROLL!**

KICKS IS BRILLIANTLY WRITTEN, PERHAPS THE BEST-DONE "FANZINE" I'VE EVER SEEN! AND THEY'LL TELL YOU ALL YOU'D EVER WANNA KNOW ABOUT ALL THE UNDERRATED GREATS OF THE '50's + '60s. LAFF-RIOT EDITORIALIZING THROUGHOUT BY ED.s BILLY MILLER + MIRIAM LINNA. FULL-SIZED, 76 PAGES, WELL WORTH THE $3.25 COVER PRICE!: BOX 646, COOPER STATION, NYC, NY, 10003...

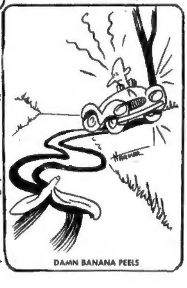
LINDSAY HUTTON HAS BEEN PUTTING OUT **THE NEXT BIG THING** FOR THE LAST MILLION YEARS NOW, AND NEVER FAILS TO DELIVER. (N.B.T. HAS A "SISTER" PUB CALLED **ROCKIN' BONES**. I CAN'T TELL WHAT THEIR DIFFERENCES ARE) THESE MAGS ALSO COVER OTHER FORMS OF "TRASH" CULTURE LIKE HORROR MOVIES. LINDSAY'S GOAL: WIPE OUT WIMP-ROCK IN OUR LIFETIME! $3.00 TO: 10 DOCHART PATH, GRANGEMOUTH, STIRLINGSHIRE, SCOTLAND, FK3-OHJ.

LIAM KILLEN'S **RUMBLE** IS A RELATIVE NEWCOMER, BUT KICKS HINEY NONETHELESS. COVERS SAME TURF AS THE 'ZINES ABOVE, PLUS FEATURES COMICS BY FAN-FAVE PETER BAGGE! $2.50 TO: 8 CAROLHILL PARK, TOOME RD., BALLYMENA, CO. ANTRIM, BT42-2DF, N. IRELAND.

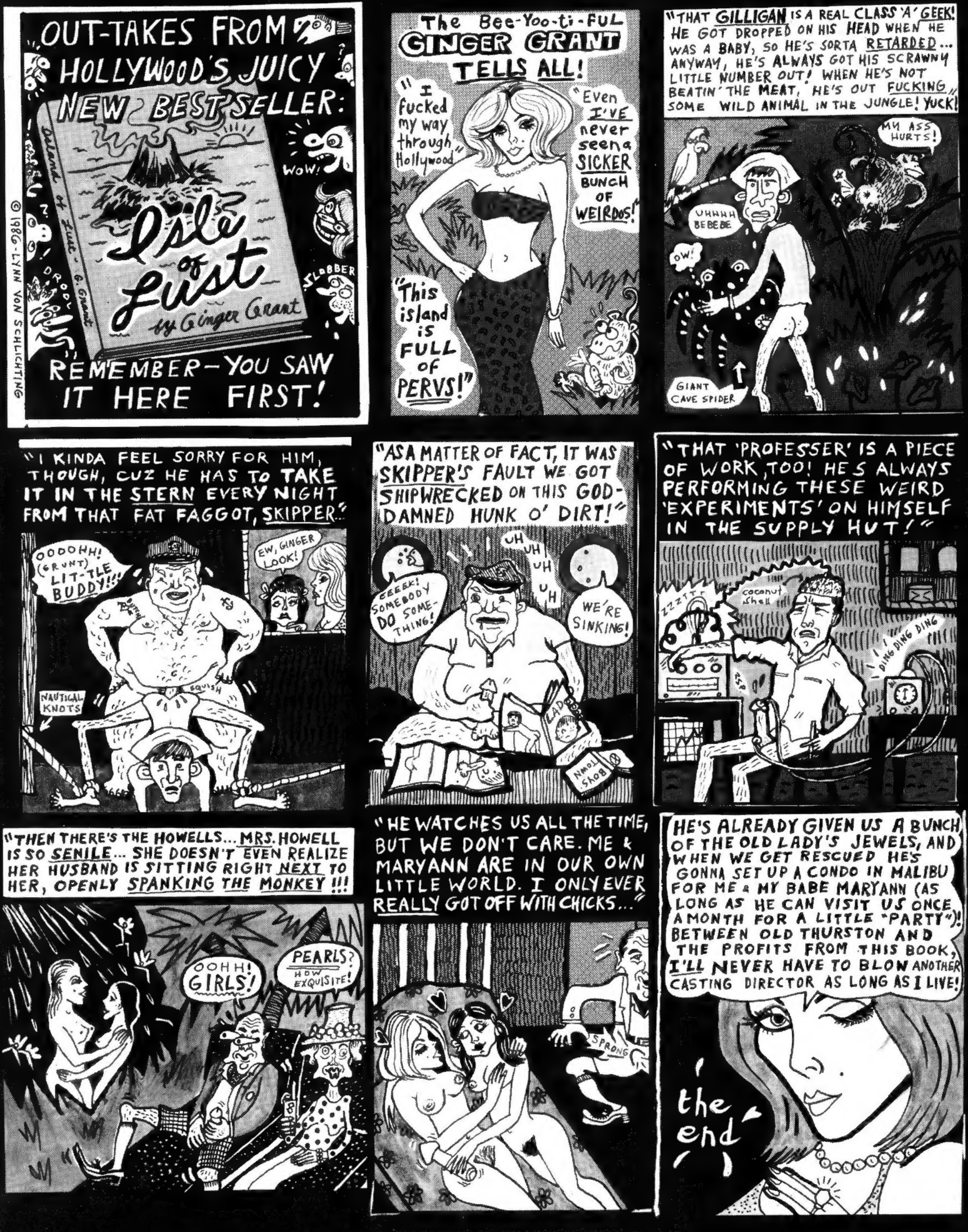

BE A SMART GUY! ORDER BACK-ISSUES OF WEIRDO TODAY!
A SMART GUY

ISSUES 1-4: $2.25 each
ISSUES 5-16: $2.50 each
(INCLUDE $1.50 FOR P+H WITH YOUR ORDER)
SEND TO:
LAST GASP ECO-FUNNIES
2180 BRYANT ST.
SAN FRANCISCO, CA
94110

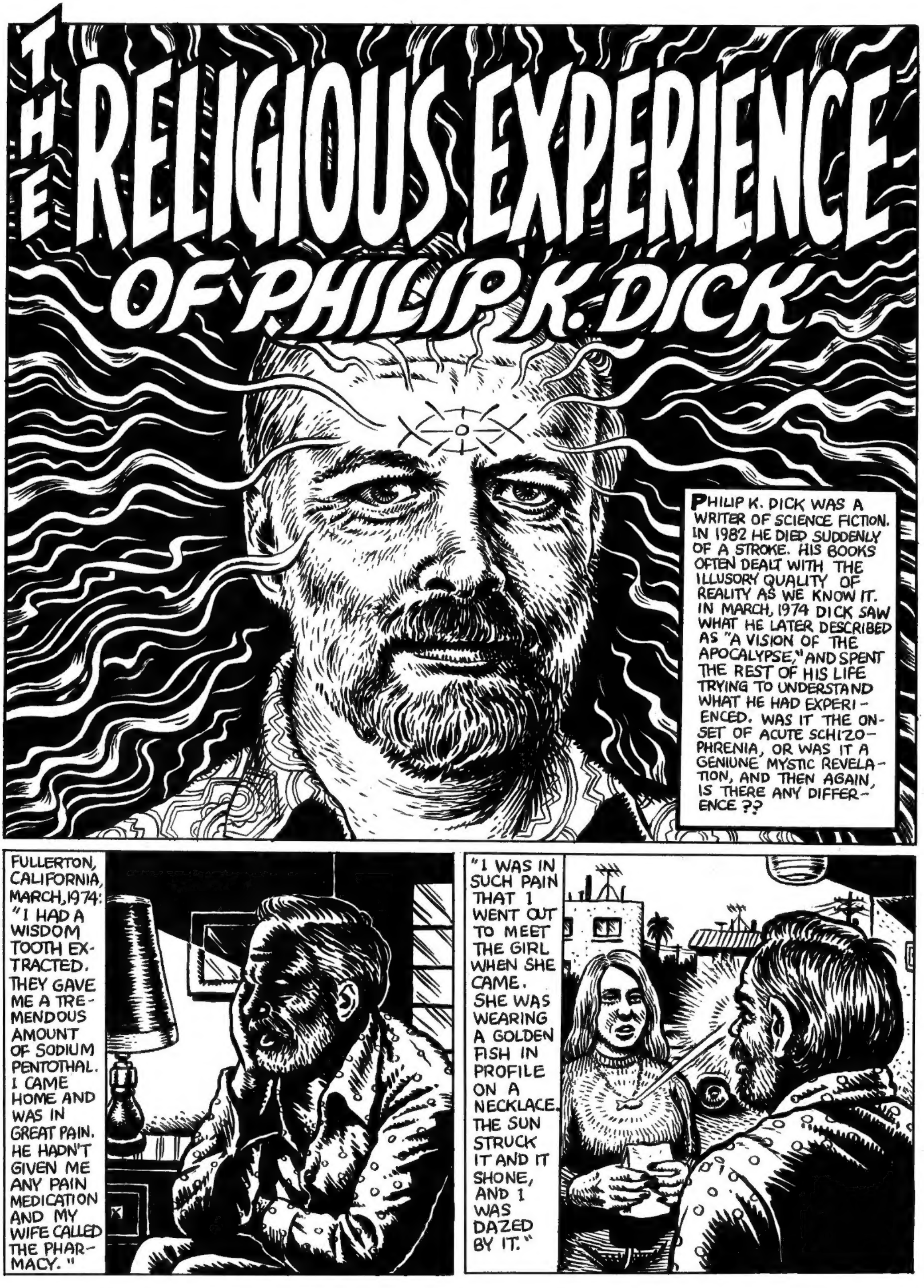
GAG PANELS RE-PRINTED FROM 100 REJECTED CARTOONS BY BILL HARMER, CIRCA 1950. WHEREABOUTS UNKNOWN. THANKS TO DAVID COULSON. →

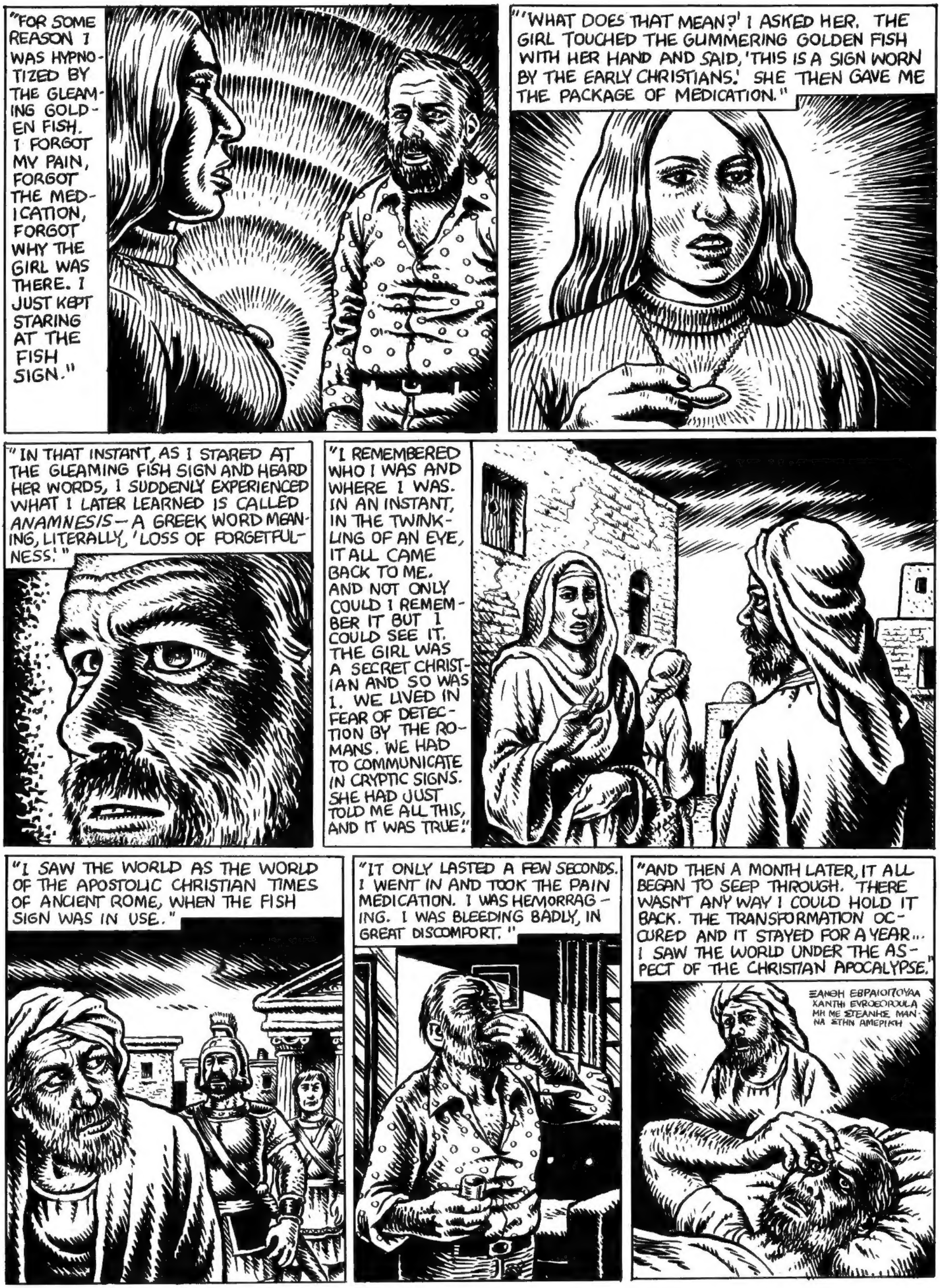


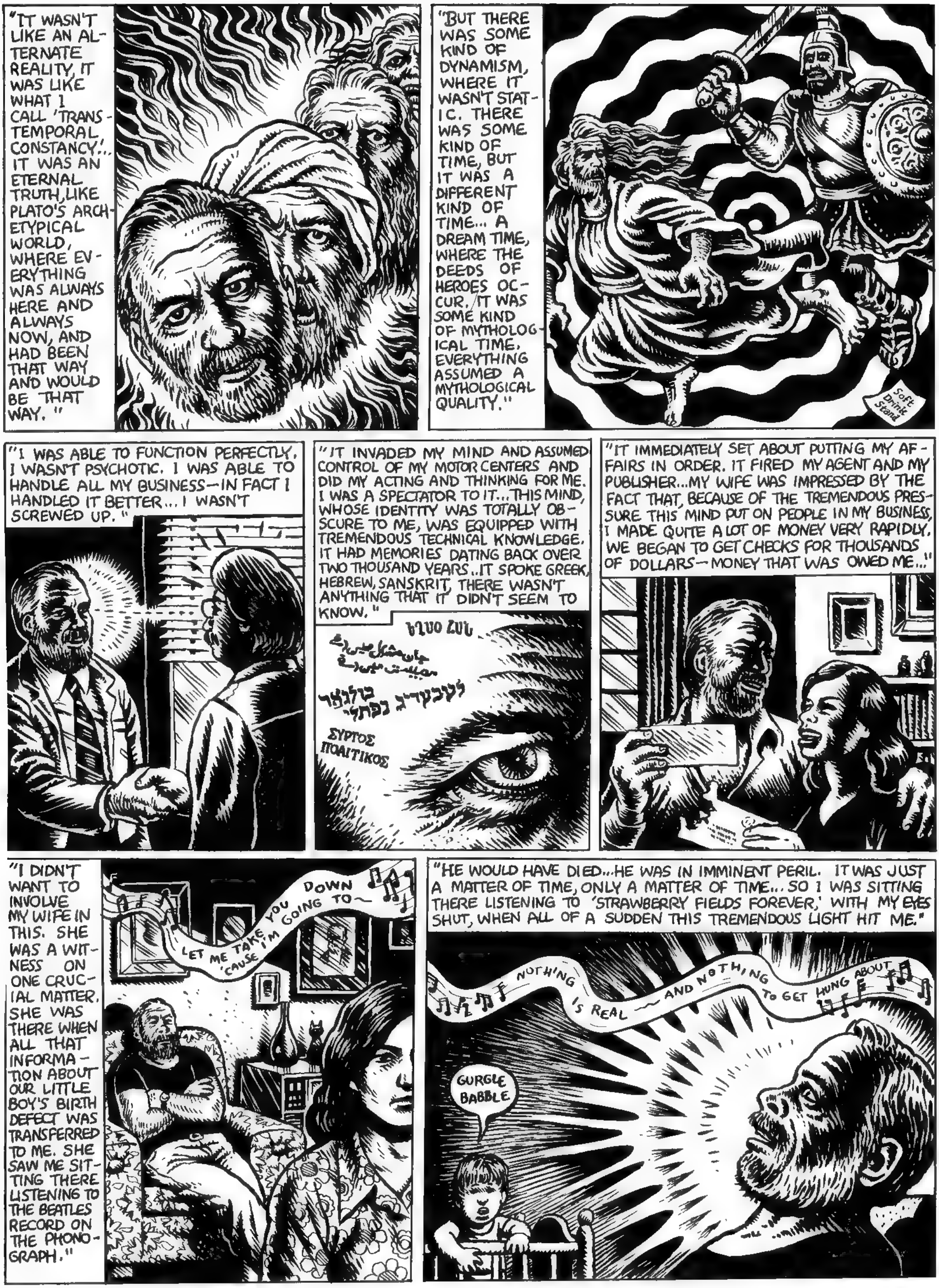
DAMN BANANA PEELS


OUT-TAKES FROM HOLLYWOOD'S JUICY NEW BEST SELLER:
Island of Lust - G. Grant
Isle of Lust
by Ginger Grant
WOW!
SLOBBER
DROOL
REMEMBER—YOU SAW IT HERE FIRST!
© 1986 - LYNN VON SCHLICHTING
The Bee-Yoo-ti-FUL GINGER GRANT TELLS ALL!
"I fucked my way through Hollywood"
"Even I'VE never seen a SICKER BUNCH OF WEIRDOS!"
"This island is FULL of PERVS!"
"THAT GILLIGAN IS A REAL CLASS 'A' GEEK! HE GOT DROPPED ON HIS HEAD WHEN HE WAS A BABY, SO HE'S SORTA RETARDED... ANYWAY, HE'S ALWAYS GOT HIS SCRAWNY LITTLE NUMBER OUT! WHEN HE'S NOT BEATIN' THE MEAT, HE'S OUT FUCKING SOME WILD ANIMAL IN THE JUNGLE! YUCK!"
MY ASS HURTS!
UHHHH BEBEBE
OW!
GIANT CAVE SPIDER
"I KINDA FEEL SORRY FOR HIM, THOUGH, CUZ HE HAS TO TAKE IT IN THE STERN EVERY NIGHT FROM THAT FAT FAGGOT, SKIPPER."
OOOOHH! (GRUNT) LIT-TLE BUDDY!!!
EW, GINGER LOOK!
NAUTICAL KNOTS
SQUISH
"AS A MATTER OF FACT, IT WAS SKIPPER'S FAULT WE GOT SHIPWRECKED ON THIS GOD-DAMNED HUNK O' DIRT!"
UH UH UH UH
EEEEK! SOMEBODY DO SOME-THING!
WE'RE SINKING!
LADS
BOYS TOWN
"THAT 'PROFESSER' IS A PIECE OF WORK, TOO! HE'S ALWAYS PERFORMING THESE WEIRD 'EXPERIMENTS' ON HIMSELF IN THE SUPPLY HUT!"
ZZZTT
coconut shell
DING DING DING
ZSP
"THEN THERE'S THE HOWELLS... MRS. HOWELL IS SO SENILE... SHE DOESN'T EVEN REALIZE HER HUSBAND IS SITTING RIGHT NEXT TO HER, OPENLY SPANKING THE MONKEY!!!
OOHH! GIRLS!
PEARLS? HOW EXQUISITE!
"HE WATCHES US ALL THE TIME, BUT WE DON'T CARE. ME & MARYANN ARE IN OUR OWN LITTLE WORLD. I ONLY EVER REALLY GOT OFF WITH CHICKS..."
SPRONG
HE'S ALREADY GIVEN US A BUNCH OF THE OLD LADY'S JEWELS, AND WHEN WE GET RESCUED HE'S GONNA SET UP A CONDO IN MALIBU FOR ME & MY BABE MARYANN (AS LONG AS HE CAN VISIT US ONCE A MONTH FOR A LITTLE "PARTY")! BETWEEN OLD THURSTON AND THE PROFITS FROM THIS BOOK, I'LL NEVER HAVE TO BLOW ANOTHER CASTING DIRECTOR AS LONG AS I LIVE!
the end

THE RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE OF PHILIP K. DICK


THE RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE OF PHILIP K. DICK
PHILIP K. DICK WAS A WRITER OF SCIENCE FICTION. IN 1982 HE DIED SUDDENLY OF A STROKE. HIS BOOKS OFTEN DEALT WITH THE ILLUSORY QUALITY OF REALITY AS WE KNOW IT. IN MARCH, 1974 DICK SAW WHAT HE LATER DESCRIBED AS "A VISION OF THE APOCALYPSE," AND SPENT THE REST OF HIS LIFE TRYING TO UNDERSTAND WHAT HE HAD EXPERIENCED. WAS IT THE ONSET OF ACUTE SCHIZOPHRENIA, OR WAS IT A GENIUNE MYSTIC REVELATION, AND THEN AGAIN, IS THERE ANY DIFFERENCE??
FULLERTON, CALIFORNIA, MARCH, 1974: "I HAD A WISDOM TOOTH EXTRACTED. THEY GAVE ME A TREMENDOUS AMOUNT OF SODIUM PENTOTHAL. I CAME HOME AND WAS IN GREAT PAIN. HE HADN'T GIVEN ME ANY PAIN MEDICATION AND MY WIFE CALLED THE PHARMACY."
"I WAS IN SUCH PAIN THAT I WENT OUT TO MEET THE GIRL WHEN SHE CAME. SHE WAS WEARING A GOLDEN FISH IN PROFILE ON A NECKLACE. THE SUN STRUCK IT AND IT SHONE, AND I WAS DAZED BY IT."


"FOR SOME REASON I WAS HYPNOTIZED BY THE GLEAMING GOLDEN FISH. I FORGOT MY PAIN, FORGOT THE MEDICATION, FORGOT WHY THE GIRL WAS THERE. I JUST KEPT STARING AT THE FISH SIGN."
"'WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?' I ASKED HER. THE GIRL TOUCHED THE GLIMMERING GOLDEN FISH WITH HER HAND AND SAID, 'THIS IS A SIGN WORN BY THE EARLY CHRISTIANS.' SHE THEN GAVE ME THE PACKAGE OF MEDICATION."
"IN THAT INSTANT, AS I STARED AT THE GLEAMING FISH SIGN AND HEARD HER WORDS, I SUDDENLY EXPERIENCED WHAT I LATER LEARNED IS CALLED *ANAMNESIS* — A GREEK WORD MEANING, LITERALLY, 'LOSS OF FORGETFULNESS.'"
"I REMEMBERED WHO I WAS AND WHERE I WAS. IN AN INSTANT, IN THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE, IT ALL CAME BACK TO ME. AND NOT ONLY COULD I REMEMBER IT BUT I COULD SEE IT. THE GIRL WAS A SECRET CHRISTIAN AND SO WAS I. WE LIVED IN FEAR OF DETECTION BY THE ROMANS. WE HAD TO COMMUNICATE IN CRYPTIC SIGNS. SHE HAD JUST TOLD ME ALL THIS, AND IT WAS TRUE!"
"I SAW THE WORLD AS THE WORLD OF THE APOSTOLIC CHRISTIAN TIMES OF ANCIENT ROME, WHEN THE FISH SIGN WAS IN USE."
"IT ONLY LASTED A FEW SECONDS. I WENT IN AND TOOK THE PAIN MEDICATION. I WAS HEMORRAGING. I WAS BLEEDING BADLY, IN GREAT DISCOMFORT."
"AND THEN A MONTH LATER, IT ALL BEGAN TO SEEP THROUGH. THERE WASN'T ANY WAY I COULD HOLD IT BACK. THE TRANSFORMATION OCCURED AND IT STAYED FOR A YEAR... I SAW THE WORLD UNDER THE ASPECT OF THE CHRISTIAN APOCALYPSE."
ΞΑΝΘΗ ΕΒΡΑΙΟΠΟΥΛΑ
XANTHI EVROEOPOULA
ΜΗ ΜΕ ΣΤΕΑΝΗΣ ΜΑΝΝΑ ΣΤΗΝ ΑΜΕΡΙΚΗ



"IT WASN'T LIKE AN ALTERNATE REALITY, IT WAS LIKE WHAT I CALL 'TRANS-TEMPORAL CONSTANCY.'.. IT WAS AN ETERNAL TRUTH, LIKE PLATO'S ARCHETYPICAL WORLD, WHERE EVERYTHING WAS ALWAYS HERE AND ALWAYS NOW, AND HAD BEEN THAT WAY AND WOULD BE THAT WAY."

"BUT THERE WAS SOME KIND OF DYNAMISM, WHERE IT WASN'T STATIC. THERE WAS SOME KIND OF TIME, BUT IT WAS A DIFFERENT KIND OF TIME... A DREAM TIME, WHERE THE DEEDS OF HEROES OCCUR. IT WAS SOME KIND OF MYTHOLOGICAL TIME. EVERYTHING ASSUMED A MYTHOLOGICAL QUALITY."

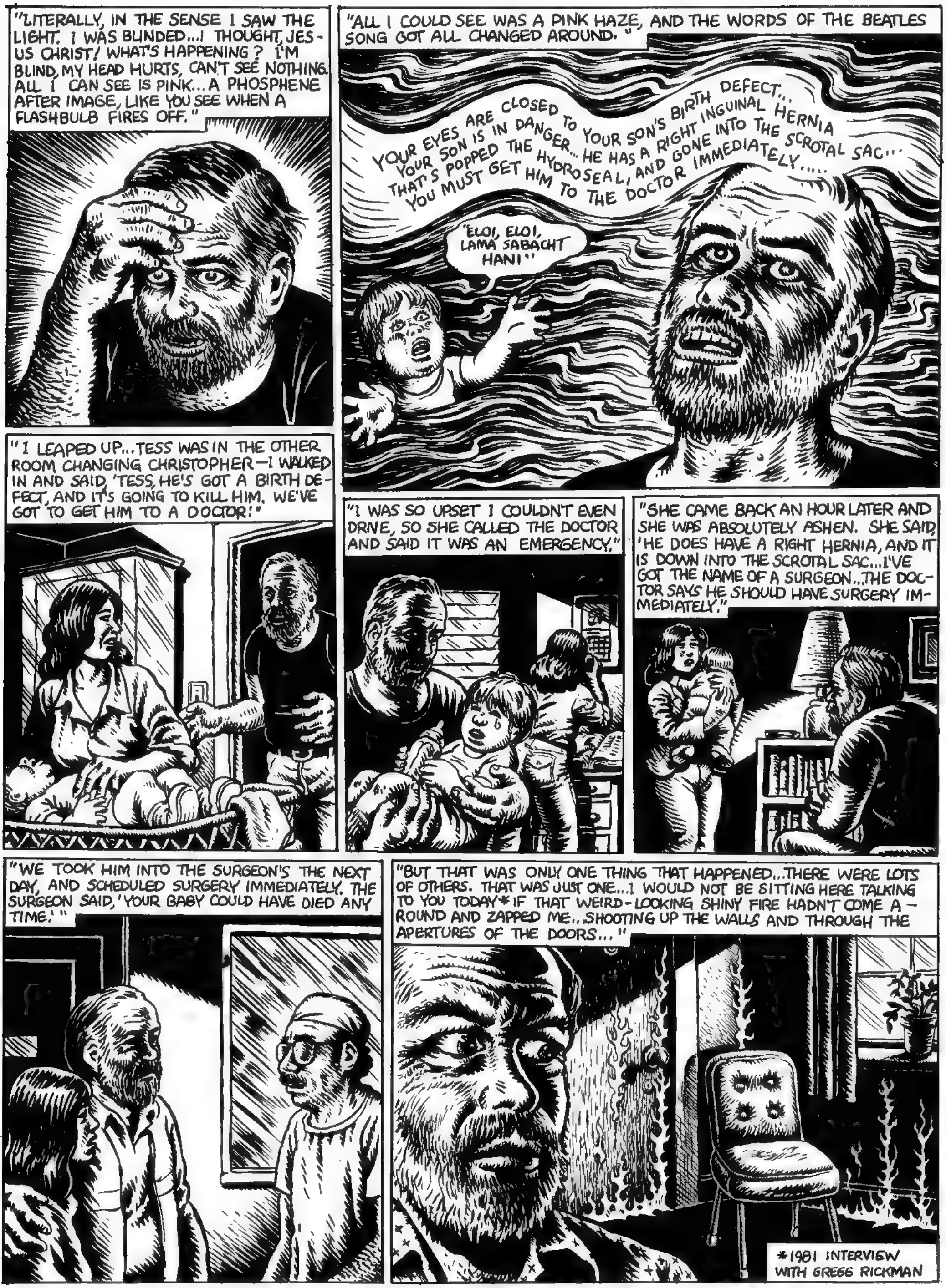
"I WAS ABLE TO FUNCTION PERFECTLY. I WASN'T PSYCHOTIC. I WAS ABLE TO HANDLE ALL MY BUSINESS—IN FACT I HANDLED IT BETTER... I WASN'T SCREWED UP."

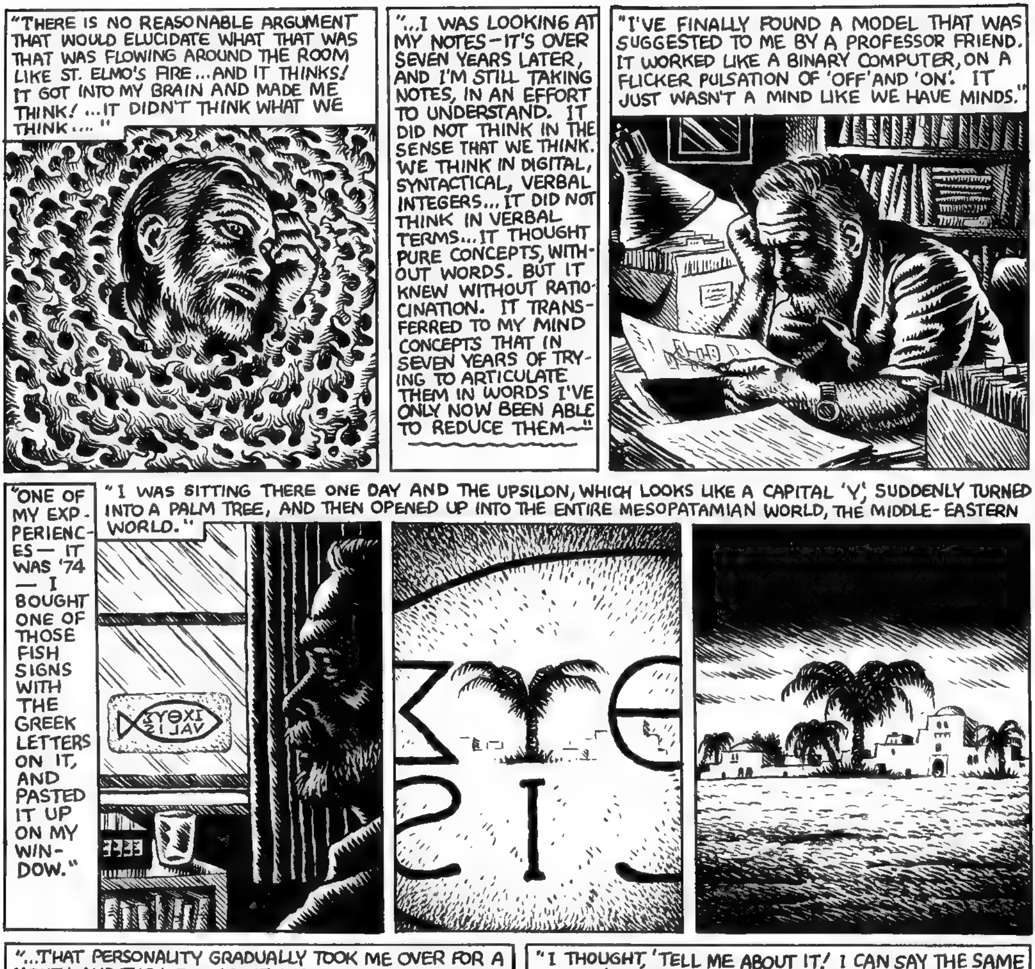
"IT INVADED MY MIND AND ASSUMED CONTROL OF MY MOTOR CENTERS AND DID MY ACTING AND THINKING FOR ME. I WAS A SPECTATOR TO IT... THIS MIND, WHOSE IDENTITY WAS TOTALLY OBSCURE TO ME, WAS EQUIPPED WITH TREMENDOUS TECHNICAL KNOWLEDGE. IT HAD MEMORIES DATING BACK OVER TWO THOUSAND YEARS.. IT SPOKE GREEK, HEBREW, SANSKRIT, THERE WASN'T ANYTHING THAT IT DIDN'T SEEM TO KNOW."

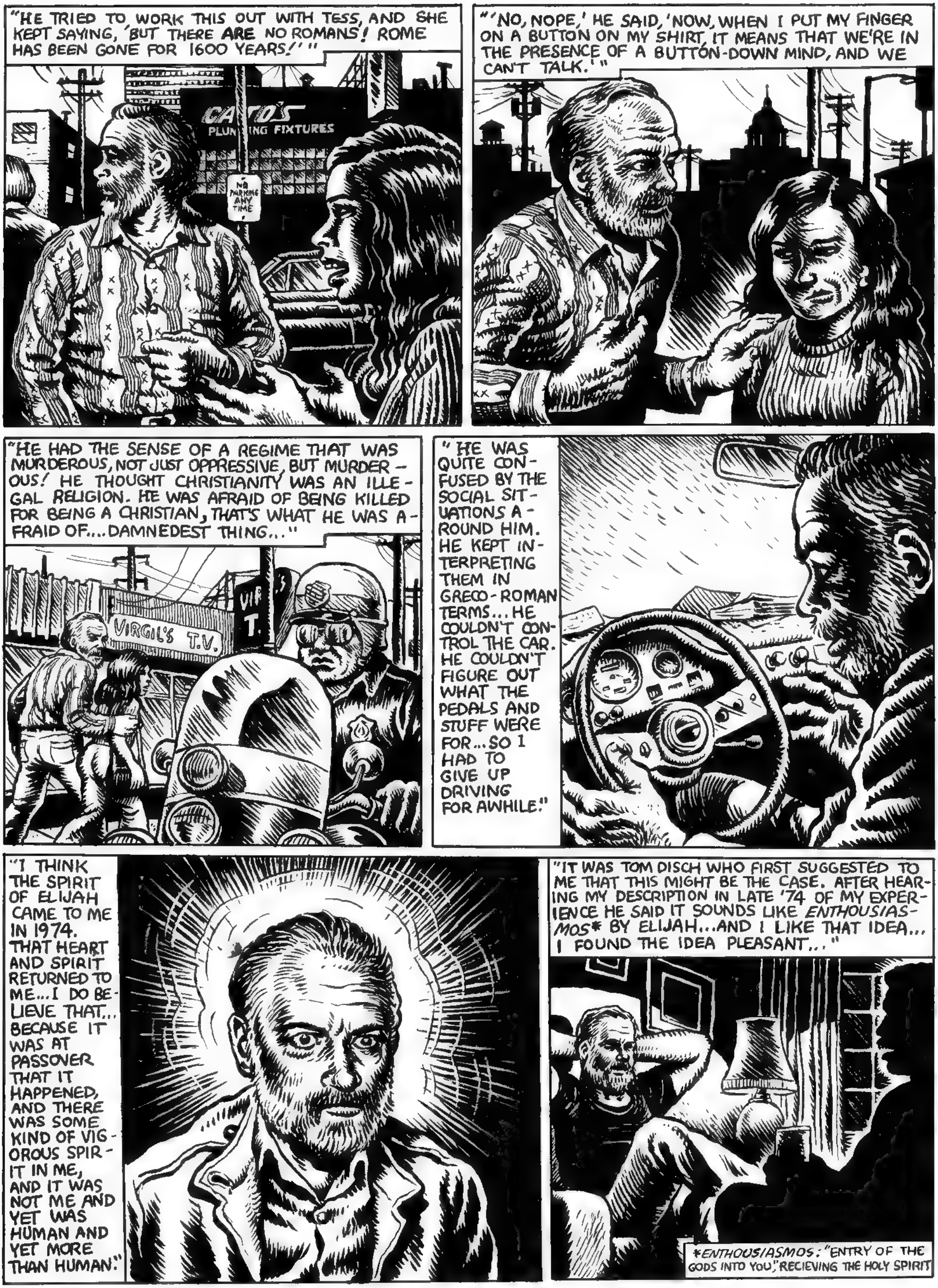
"IT IMMEDIATELY SET ABOUT PUTTING MY AFFAIRS IN ORDER. IT FIRED MY AGENT AND MY PUBLISHER... MY WIFE WAS IMPRESSED BY THE FACT THAT, BECAUSE OF THE TREMENDOUS PRESSURE THIS MIND PUT ON PEOPLE IN MY BUSINESS, I MADE QUITE A LOT OF MONEY VERY RAPIDLY. WE BEGAN TO GET CHECKS FOR THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS—MONEY THAT WAS OWED ME..."

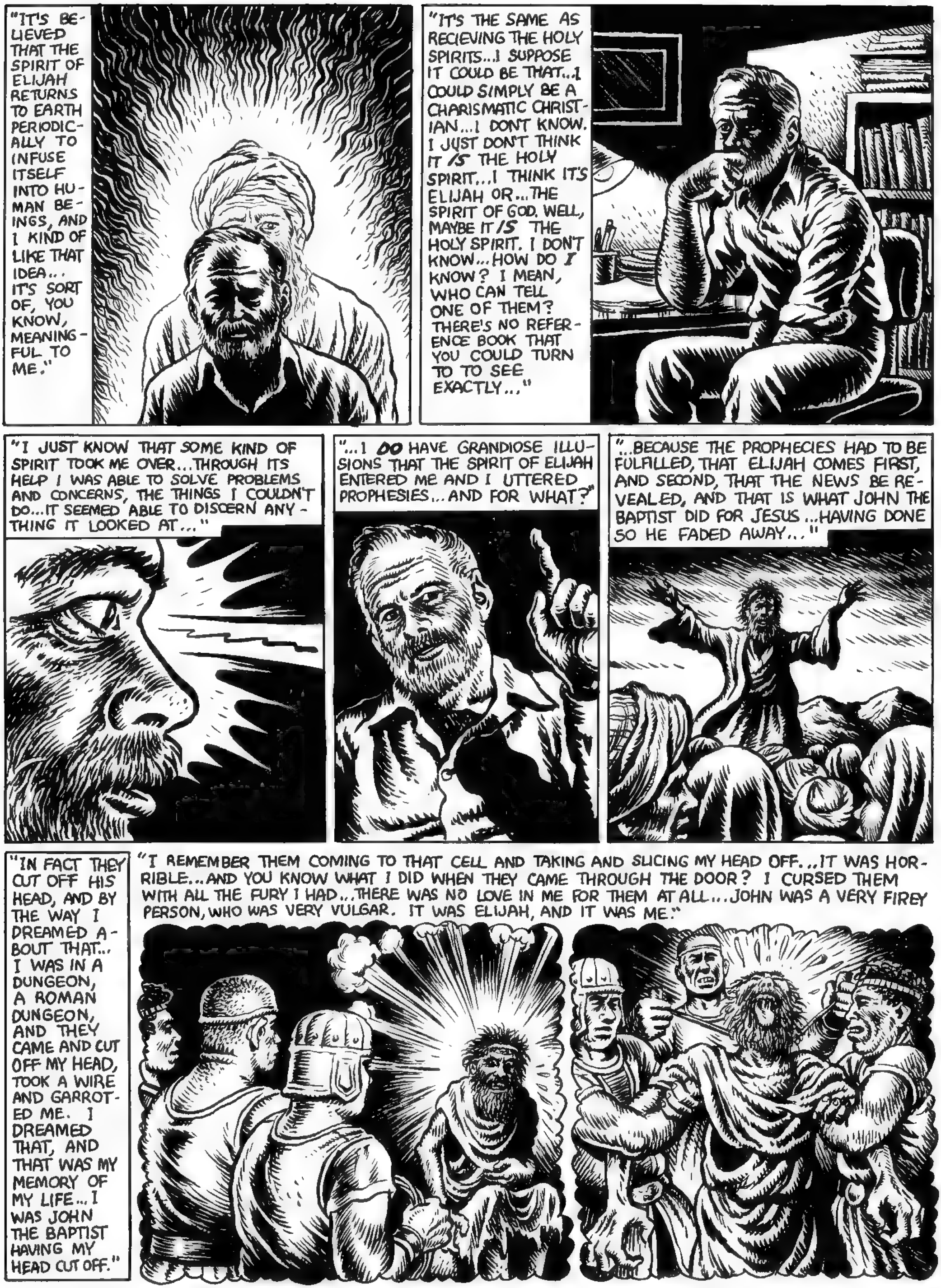
"I DIDN'T WANT TO INVOLVE MY WIFE IN THIS. SHE WAS A WITNESS ON ONE CRUCIAL MATTER. SHE WAS THERE WHEN ALL THAT INFORMATION ABOUT OUR LITTLE BOY'S BIRTH DEFECT WAS TRANSFERRED TO ME. SHE SAW ME SITTING THERE LISTENING TO THE BEATLES RECORD ON THE PHONOGRAPH."

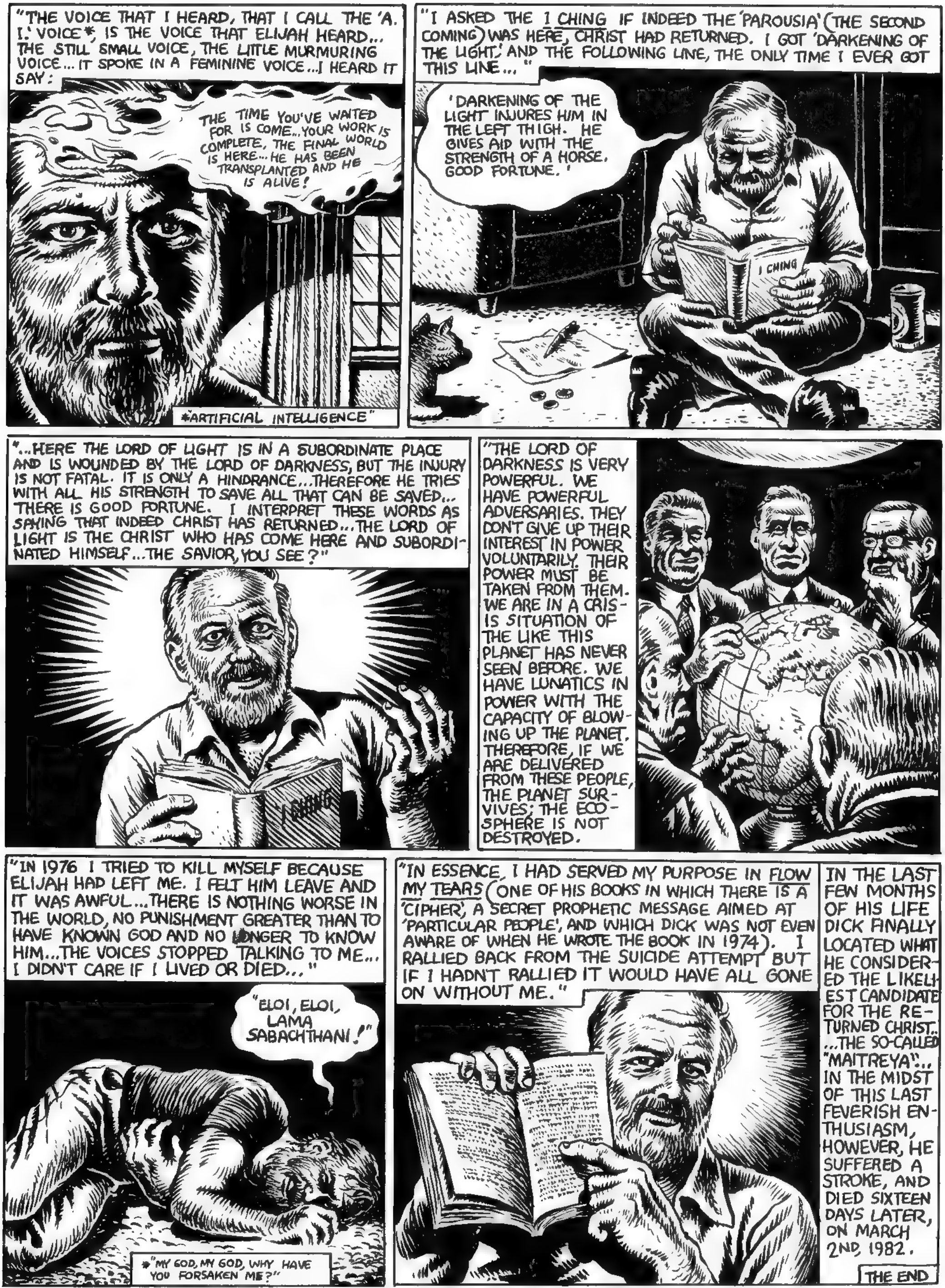
"HE WOULD HAVE DIED... HE WAS IN IMMINENT PERIL. IT WAS JUST A MATTER OF TIME, ONLY A MATTER OF TIME... SO I WAS SITTING THERE LISTENING TO 'STRAWBERRY FIELDS FOREVER,' WITH MY EYES SHUT, WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN THIS TREMENDOUS LIGHT HIT ME."


"LITERALLY, IN THE SENSE I SAW THE LIGHT. I WAS BLINDED...I THOUGHT, JESUS CHRIST! WHAT'S HAPPENING? I'M BLIND, MY HEAD HURTS, CAN'T SEE NOTHING. ALL I CAN SEE IS PINK...A PHOSPHENE AFTER IMAGE, LIKE YOU SEE WHEN A FLASHBULB FIRES OFF."
"ALL I COULD SEE WAS A PINK HAZE, AND THE WORDS OF THE BEATLES SONG GOT ALL CHANGED AROUND."
YOUR EYES ARE CLOSED TO YOUR SON'S BIRTH DEFECT... YOUR SON IS IN DANGER... HE HAS A RIGHT INGUINAL HERNIA THAT'S POPPED THE HYDROSEAL, AND GONE INTO THE SCROTAL SAC... YOU MUST GET HIM TO THE DOCTOR IMMEDIATELY.....
"ELOI, ELOI, LAMA SABACHTHANI"
"I LEAPED UP...TESS WAS IN THE OTHER ROOM CHANGING CHRISTOPHER—I WALKED IN AND SAID, 'TESS, HE'S GOT A BIRTH DEFECT, AND IT'S GOING TO KILL HIM. WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM TO A DOCTOR!'"
"I WAS SO UPSET I COULDN'T EVEN DRIVE, SO SHE CALLED THE DOCTOR AND SAID IT WAS AN EMERGENCY."
"SHE CAME BACK AN HOUR LATER AND SHE WAS ABSOLUTELY ASHEN. SHE SAID, 'HE DOES HAVE A RIGHT HERNIA, AND IT IS DOWN INTO THE SCROTAL SAC...I'VE GOT THE NAME OF A SURGEON...THE DOCTOR SAYS HE SHOULD HAVE SURGERY IMMEDIATELY.'"
"WE TOOK HIM INTO THE SURGEON'S THE NEXT DAY, AND SCHEDULED SURGERY IMMEDIATELY. THE SURGEON SAID, 'YOUR BABY COULD HAVE DIED ANY TIME.'"
"BUT THAT WAS ONLY ONE THING THAT HAPPENED...THERE WERE LOTS OF OTHERS. THAT WAS JUST ONE...I WOULD NOT BE SITTING HERE TALKING TO YOU TODAY* IF THAT WEIRD-LOOKING SHINY FIRE HADN'T COME AROUND AND ZAPPED ME...SHOOTING UP THE WALLS AND THROUGH THE APERTURES OF THE DOORS..."
*1981 INTERVIEW WITH GREGG RICKMAN

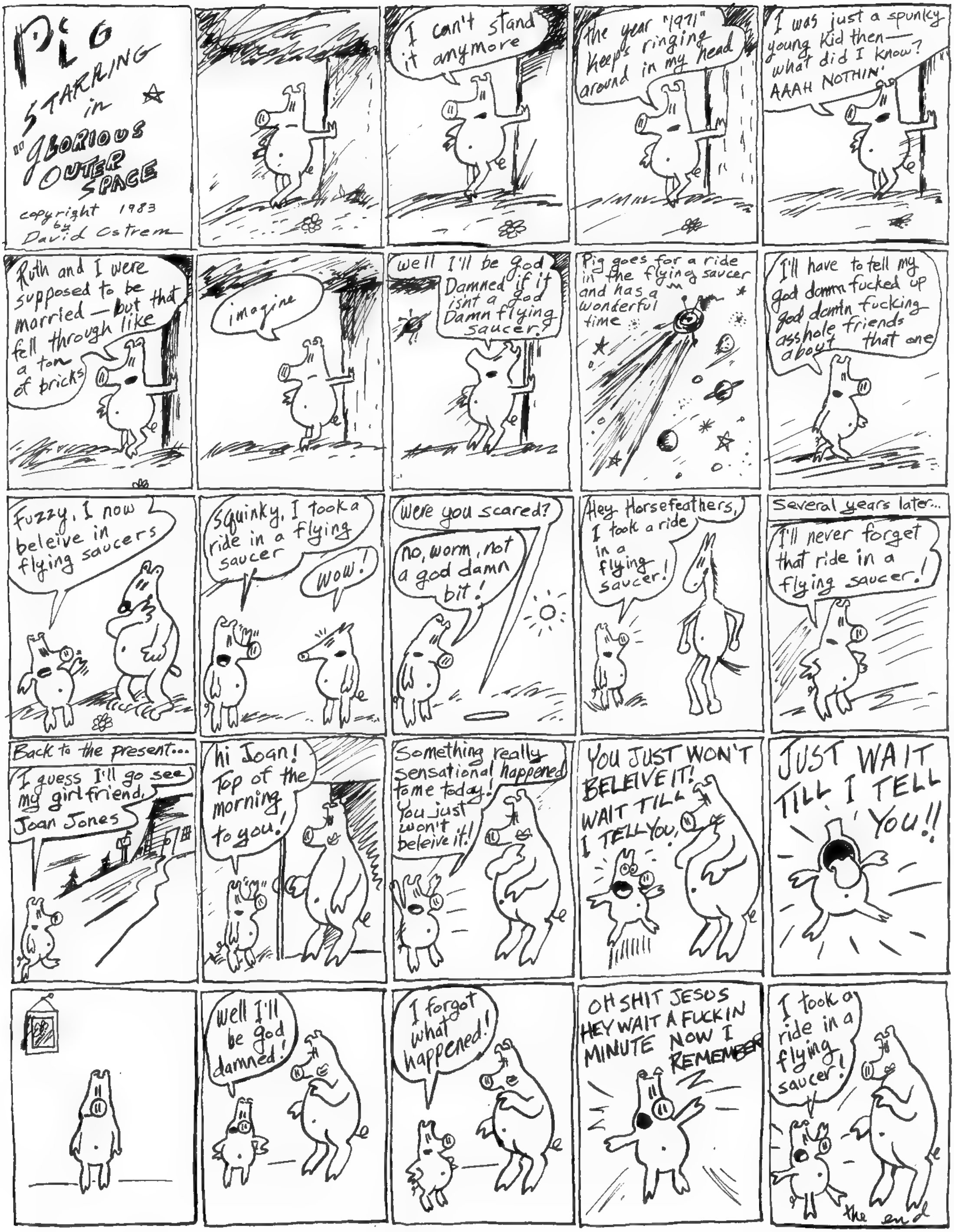

"THERE IS NO REASONABLE ARGUMENT THAT WOULD ELUCIDATE WHAT THAT WAS THAT WAS FLOWING AROUND THE ROOM LIKE ST. ELMO'S FIRE...AND IT THINKS! IT GOT INTO MY BRAIN AND MADE ME THINK! ...IT DIDN'T THINK WHAT WE THINK...."
"...I WAS LOOKING AT MY NOTES—IT'S OVER SEVEN YEARS LATER, AND I'M STILL TAKING NOTES, IN AN EFFORT TO UNDERSTAND. IT DID NOT THINK IN THE SENSE THAT WE THINK. WE THINK IN DIGITAL, SYNTACTICAL, VERBAL INTEGERS... IT DID NOT THINK IN VERBAL TERMS... IT THOUGHT PURE CONCEPTS, WITHOUT WORDS. BUT IT KNEW WITHOUT RATIOCINATION. IT TRANSFERRED TO MY MIND CONCEPTS THAT IN SEVEN YEARS OF TRYING TO ARTICULATE THEM IN WORDS I'VE ONLY NOW BEEN ABLE TO REDUCE THEM—"
"I'VE FINALLY FOUND A MODEL THAT WAS SUGGESTED TO ME BY A PROFESSOR FRIEND. IT WORKED LIKE A BINARY COMPUTER, ON A FLICKER PULSATION OF 'OFF' AND 'ON'. IT JUST WASN'T A MIND LIKE WE HAVE MINDS."
"ONE OF MY EXPERIENCES— IT WAS '74 — I BOUGHT ONE OF THOSE FISH SIGNS WITH THE GREEK LETTERS ON IT, AND PASTED IT UP ON MY WINDOW."
"I WAS SITTING THERE ONE DAY AND THE UPSILON, WHICH LOOKS LIKE A CAPITAL 'Y', SUDDENLY TURNED INTO A PALM TREE, AND THEN OPENED UP INTO THE ENTIRE MESOPATAMIAN WORLD, THE MIDDLE-EASTERN WORLD."
"...THAT PERSONALITY GRADUALLY TOOK ME OVER FOR A MONTH, AND THEN FOR ABOUT A YEAR I WAS THAT OTHER PERSONALITY...IT WAS SO FUNNY—I USED TO BE ABLE TO PICK UP HIS THOUGHTS WHILE I WAS FALLING ASLEEP.... AND I PICKED UP HIS THOUGHTS ONE NIGHT, AND HE WAS THINKING, 'THERE'S SOMEBODY ELSE INSIDE MY HEAD, AND HE'S LIVING IN ANOTHER CENTURY'...MEANING ME."
"I THOUGHT, 'TELL ME ABOUT IT! I CAN SAY THE SAME THING!' AT FIRST HE THOUGHT HE WAS STILL BACK IN ROME. HE HAD EVERYTHING WRONG. HE THOUGHT THE ROMANS WERE GOING TO COME AND GET HIM, THAT WE HAD TO DEVELOP ELABORATE CODES AND STUFF TO EVADE THE ROMANS."
PIAN
AY
TORS
EMPIRE BUILDERS


"HE TRIED TO WORK THIS OUT WITH TESS, AND SHE KEPT SAYING, 'BUT THERE **ARE** NO ROMANS! ROME HAS BEEN GONE FOR 1600 YEARS!' "
CATTO'S
PLUMBING FIXTURES
NO PARKING ANY TIME
" 'NO, NOPE,' HE SAID, 'NOW, WHEN I PUT MY FINGER ON A BUTTON ON MY SHIRT, IT MEANS THAT WE'RE IN THE PRESENCE OF A BUTTON-DOWN MIND, AND WE CAN'T TALK.' "
"HE HAD THE SENSE OF A REGIME THAT WAS MURDEROUS, NOT JUST OPPRESSIVE, BUT MURDEROUS! HE THOUGHT CHRISTIANITY WAS AN ILLEGAL RELIGION. HE WAS AFRAID OF BEING KILLED FOR BEING A CHRISTIAN, THAT'S WHAT HE WAS AFRAID OF.... DAMNEDEST THING..."
VIRGIL'S T.V.
VIR T.
"HE WAS QUITE CONFUSED BY THE SOCIAL SITUATIONS AROUND HIM. HE KEPT INTERPRETING THEM IN GRECO-ROMAN TERMS... HE COULDN'T CONTROL THE CAR. HE COULDN'T FIGURE OUT WHAT THE PEDALS AND STUFF WERE FOR... SO I HAD TO GIVE UP DRIVING FOR AWHILE."
"I THINK THE SPIRIT OF ELIJAH CAME TO ME IN 1974. THAT HEART AND SPIRIT RETURNED TO ME... I DO BELIEVE THAT... BECAUSE IT WAS AT PASSOVER THAT IT HAPPENED, AND THERE WAS SOME KIND OF VIGOROUS SPIRIT IN ME, AND IT WAS NOT ME AND YET WAS HUMAN AND YET MORE THAN HUMAN."
"IT WAS TOM DISCH WHO FIRST SUGGESTED TO ME THAT THIS MIGHT BE THE CASE. AFTER HEARING MY DESCRIPTION IN LATE '74 OF MY EXPERIENCE HE SAID IT SOUNDS LIKE *ENTHOUSIASMOS** BY ELIJAH... AND I LIKE THAT IDEA... I FOUND THE IDEA PLEASANT..."
**ENTHOUSIASMOS*: "ENTRY OF THE GODS INTO YOU," RECIEVING THE HOLY SPIRIT


"IT'S BELIEVED THAT THE SPIRIT OF ELIJAH RETURNS TO EARTH PERIODICALLY TO INFUSE ITSELF INTO HUMAN BEINGS, AND I KIND OF LIKE THAT IDEA... IT'S SORT OF, YOU KNOW, MEANINGFUL TO ME."
"IT'S THE SAME AS RECIEVING THE HOLY SPIRITS...I SUPPOSE IT COULD BE THAT...I COULD SIMPLY BE A CHARISMATIC CHRISTIAN...I DONT KNOW. I JUST DON'T THINK IT *IS* THE HOLY SPIRIT...I THINK IT'S ELIJAH OR...THE SPIRIT OF GOD. WELL, MAYBE IT *IS* THE HOLY SPIRIT. I DON'T KNOW...HOW DO *I* KNOW? I MEAN, WHO CAN TELL ONE OF THEM? THERE'S NO REFERENCE BOOK THAT YOU COULD TURN TO TO SEE EXACTLY..."
"I JUST KNOW THAT SOME KIND OF SPIRIT TOOK ME OVER...THROUGH ITS HELP I WAS ABLE TO SOLVE PROBLEMS AND CONCERNS, THE THINGS I COULDN'T DO...IT SEEMED ABLE TO DISCERN ANYTHING IT LOOKED AT..."
"...I **DO** HAVE GRANDIOSE ILLUSIONS THAT THE SPIRIT OF ELIJAH ENTERED ME AND I UTTERED PROPHESIES...AND FOR WHAT?"
"...BECAUSE THE PROPHECIES HAD TO BE FULFILLED, THAT ELIJAH COMES FIRST, AND SECOND, THAT THE NEWS BE REVEALED, AND THAT IS WHAT JOHN THE BAPTIST DID FOR JESUS...HAVING DONE SO HE FADED AWAY..."
"IN FACT THEY CUT OFF HIS HEAD, AND BY THE WAY I DREAMED ABOUT THAT... I WAS IN A DUNGEON, A ROMAN DUNGEON, AND THEY CAME AND CUT OFF MY HEAD, TOOK A WIRE AND GARROTED ME. I DREAMED THAT, AND THAT WAS MY MEMORY OF MY LIFE... I WAS JOHN THE BAPTIST HAVING MY HEAD CUT OFF."
"I REMEMBER THEM COMING TO THAT CELL AND TAKING AND SLICING MY HEAD OFF...IT WAS HORRIBLE...AND YOU KNOW WHAT I DID WHEN THEY CAME THROUGH THE DOOR? I CURSED THEM WITH ALL THE FURY I HAD...THERE WAS NO LOVE IN ME FOR THEM AT ALL...JOHN WAS A VERY FIREY PERSON, WHO WAS VERY VULGAR. IT WAS ELIJAH, AND IT WAS ME."

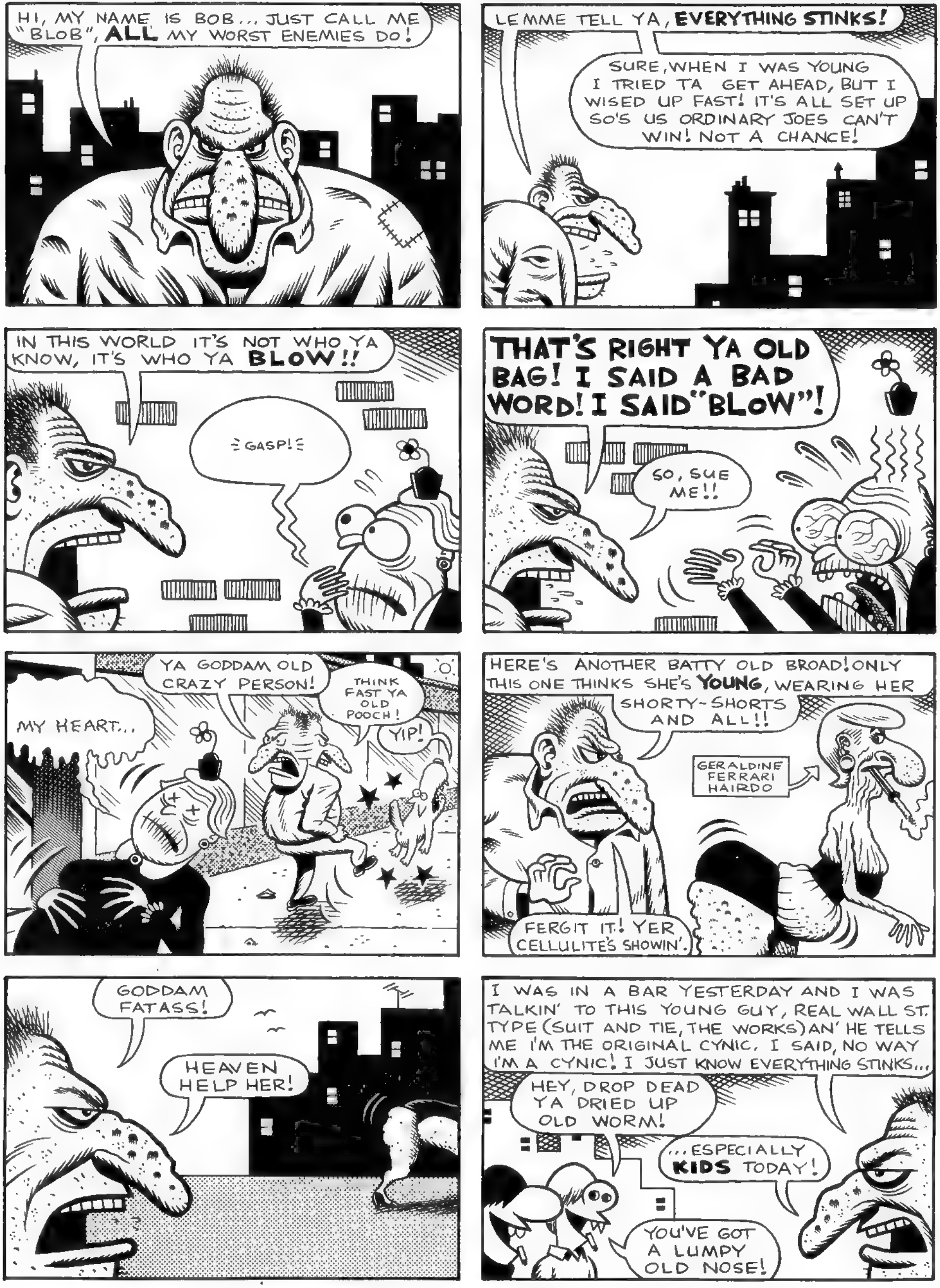

"THE VOICE THAT I HEARD, THAT I CALL THE 'A.I.' VOICE*, IS THE VOICE THAT ELIJAH HEARD... THE STILL SMALL VOICE, THE LITTLE MURMURING VOICE... IT SPOKE IN A FEMININE VOICE... I HEARD IT SAY:
THE TIME YOU'VE WAITED FOR IS COME... YOUR WORK IS COMPLETE, THE FINAL WORLD IS HERE... HE HAS BEEN TRANSPLANTED AND HE IS ALIVE!
*ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE"
"I ASKED THE I CHING IF INDEED THE 'PAROUSIA' (THE SECOND COMING) WAS HERE, CHRIST HAD RETURNED. I GOT 'DARKENING OF THE LIGHT,' AND THE FOLLOWING LINE, THE ONLY TIME I EVER GOT THIS LINE..."
'DARKENING OF THE LIGHT INJURES HIM IN THE LEFT THIGH. HE GIVES AID WITH THE STRENGTH OF A HORSE. GOOD FORTUNE.'
I CHING
"...HERE THE LORD OF LIGHT IS IN A SUBORDINATE PLACE AND IS WOUNDED BY THE LORD OF DARKNESS, BUT THE INJURY IS NOT FATAL. IT IS ONLY A HINDRANCE... THEREFORE HE TRIES WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH TO SAVE ALL THAT CAN BE SAVED... THERE IS GOOD FORTUNE. I INTERPRET THESE WORDS AS SAYING THAT INDEED CHRIST HAS RETURNED... THE LORD OF LIGHT IS THE CHRIST WHO HAS COME HERE AND SUBORDINATED HIMSELF... THE SAVIOR, YOU SEE?"
I CHING
"THE LORD OF DARKNESS IS VERY POWERFUL. WE HAVE POWERFUL ADVERSARIES. THEY DON'T GIVE UP THEIR INTEREST IN POWER VOLUNTARILY. THEIR POWER MUST BE TAKEN FROM THEM. WE ARE IN A CRISIS SITUATION OF THE LIKE THIS PLANET HAS NEVER SEEN BEFORE. WE HAVE LUNATICS IN POWER WITH THE CAPACITY OF BLOWING UP THE PLANET. THEREFORE, IF WE ARE DELIVERED FROM THESE PEOPLE, THE PLANET SURVIVES; THE ECOSPHERE IS NOT DESTROYED.
"IN 1976 I TRIED TO KILL MYSELF BECAUSE ELIJAH HAD LEFT ME. I FELT HIM LEAVE AND IT WAS AWFUL... THERE IS NOTHING WORSE IN THE WORLD, NO PUNISHMENT GREATER THAN TO HAVE KNOWN GOD AND NO LONGER TO KNOW HIM... THE VOICES STOPPED TALKING TO ME... I DIDN'T CARE IF I LIVED OR DIED..."
"ELOI, ELOI, LAMA SABACHTHANI!"
*"MY GOD, MY GOD, WHY HAVE YOU FORSAKEN ME?"
"IN ESSENCE, I HAD SERVED MY PURPOSE IN FLOW MY TEARS (ONE OF HIS BOOKS IN WHICH THERE IS A 'CIPHER', A SECRET PROPHETIC MESSAGE AIMED AT 'PARTICULAR PEOPLE', AND WHICH DICK WAS NOT EVEN AWARE OF WHEN HE WROTE THE BOOK IN 1974). I RALLIED BACK FROM THE SUICIDE ATTEMPT BUT IF I HADN'T RALLIED IT WOULD HAVE ALL GONE ON WITHOUT ME."
IN THE LAST FEW MONTHS OF HIS LIFE DICK FINALLY LOCATED WHAT HE CONSIDERED THE LIKELIEST CANDIDATE FOR THE RETURNED CHRIST... THE SO-CALLED "MAITREYA"... IN THE MIDST OF THIS LAST FEVERISH ENTHUSIASM, HOWEVER, HE SUFFERED A STROKE, AND DIED SIXTEEN DAYS LATER, ON MARCH 2ND, 1982.
THE END

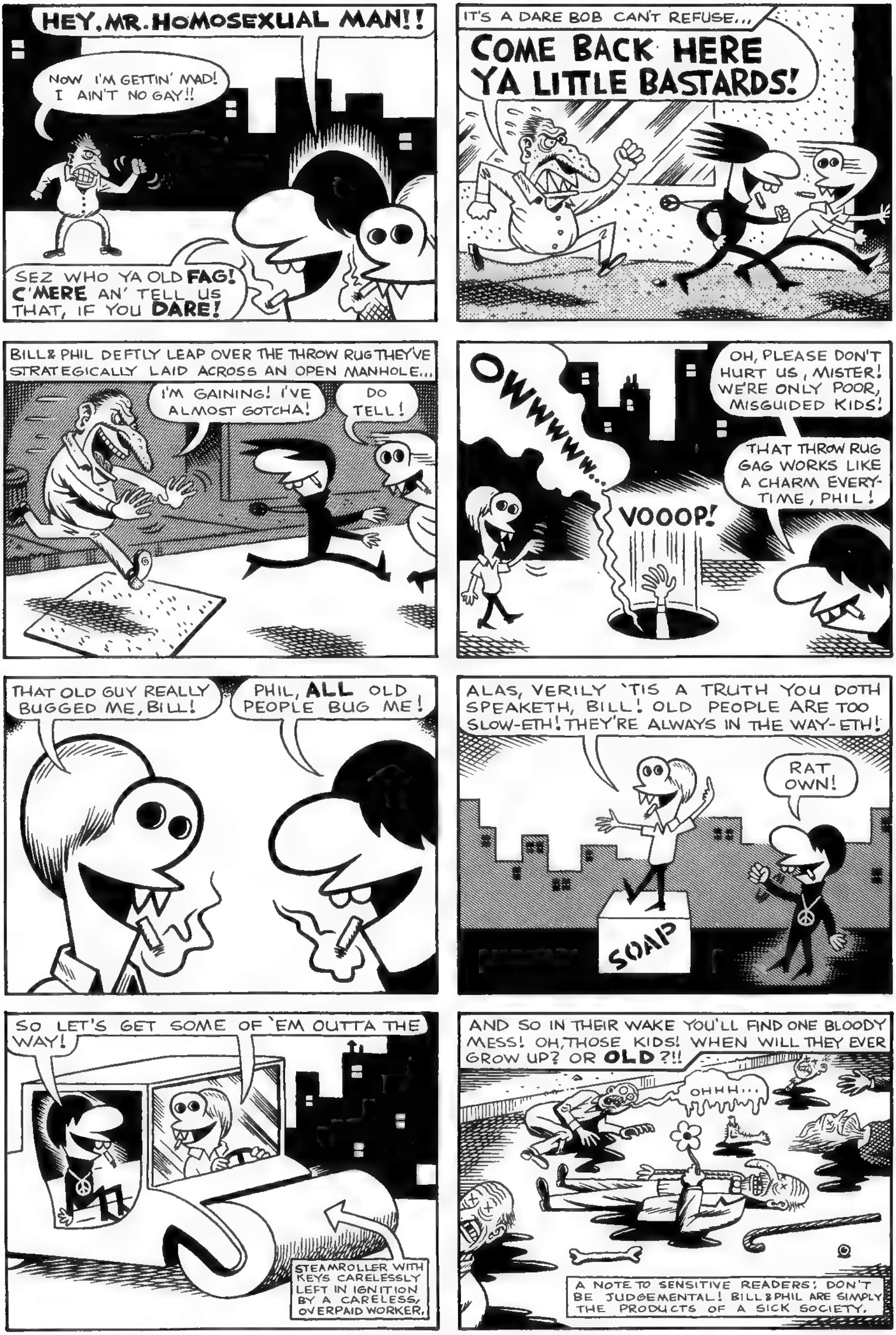
MOST DIALOGUE TAKEN FROM PHILIP K. DICK; THE LAST TESTAMENT, ©1985 BY GREGG RICKMAN; PUBLISHED BY FRAGMENTS WEST/THE VALENTINE PRESS


PIG
STARRING in "GLORIOUS OUTER SPACE"
copyright 1983 by David Ostrem
I can't stand it anymore
the year "1971" keeps ringing around in my head
I was just a spunky young kid then— what did I know? AAAH NOTHIN'
Ruth and I were supposed to be married—but that fell through like a ton of bricks
imagine
well I'll be god Damned if it isn't a god Damn flying saucer.
Pig goes for a ride in the flying saucer and has a wonderful time
I'll have to tell my god damn fucked up god damn fucking asshole friends about that one
Fuzzy, I now beleive in flying saucers
Squinky, I took a ride in a flying saucer
Wow!
Were you scared?
no, worm, not a god damn bit!
Hey Horsefeathers, I took a ride in a flying saucer!
Several years later...
I'll never forget that ride in a flying saucer!
Back to the present...
I guess I'll go see my girlfriend, Joan Jones
hi Joan! Top of the morning to you!
Something really sensational happened to me today! You just won't beleive it!
YOU JUST WON'T BELEIVE IT! WAIT TILL I TELL YOU,
JUST WAIT TILL I TELL YOU!!
well I'll be god damned!
I forgot what happened!
OH SHIT JESUS HEY WAIT A FUCKIN MINUTE NOW I REMEMBER
I took a ride in a flying saucer!
the end

Bill & Phil (2 TEEN-AGE ROGUES) in "a NEW (not old) adventure!"

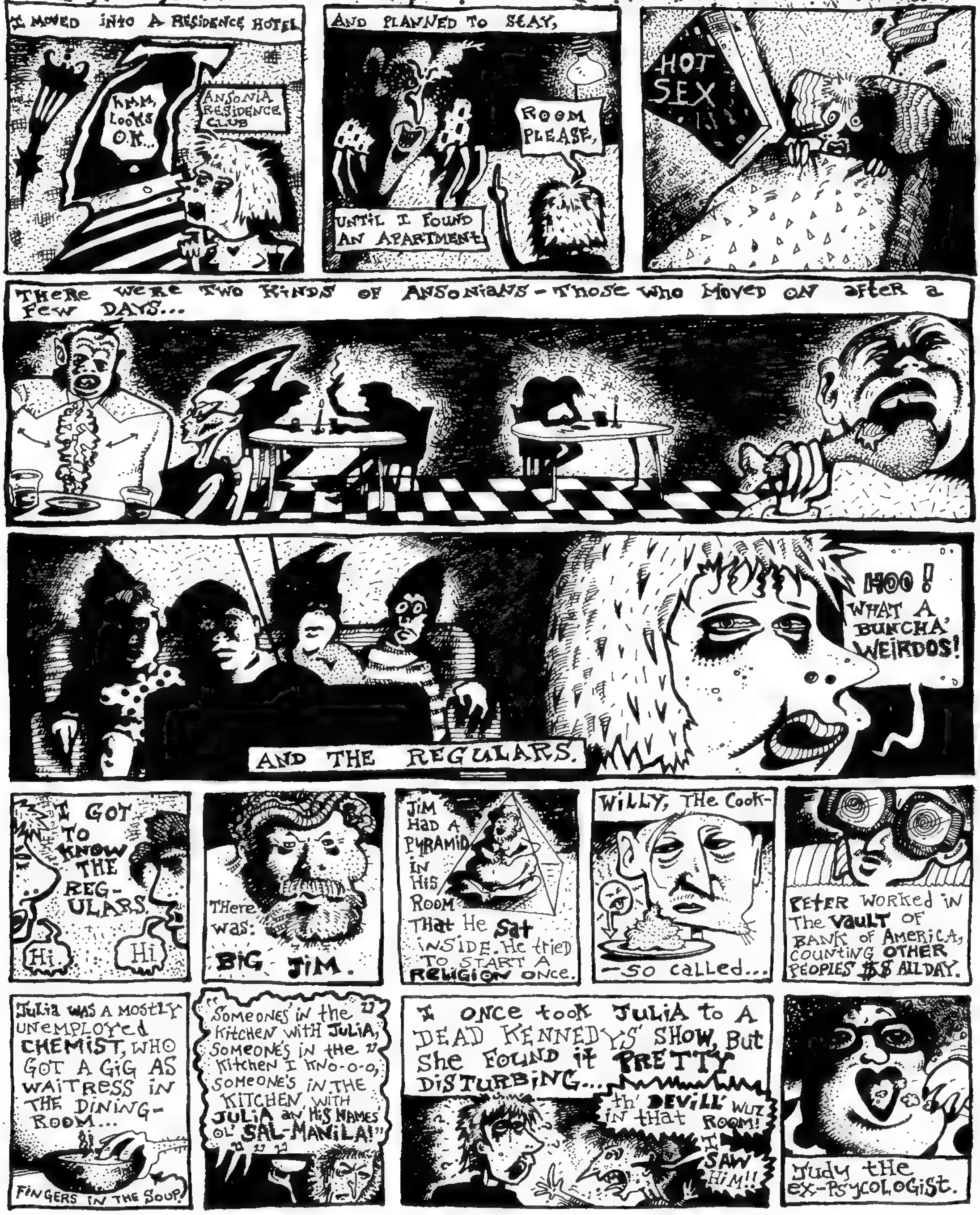
©'86 J.D.KING Features

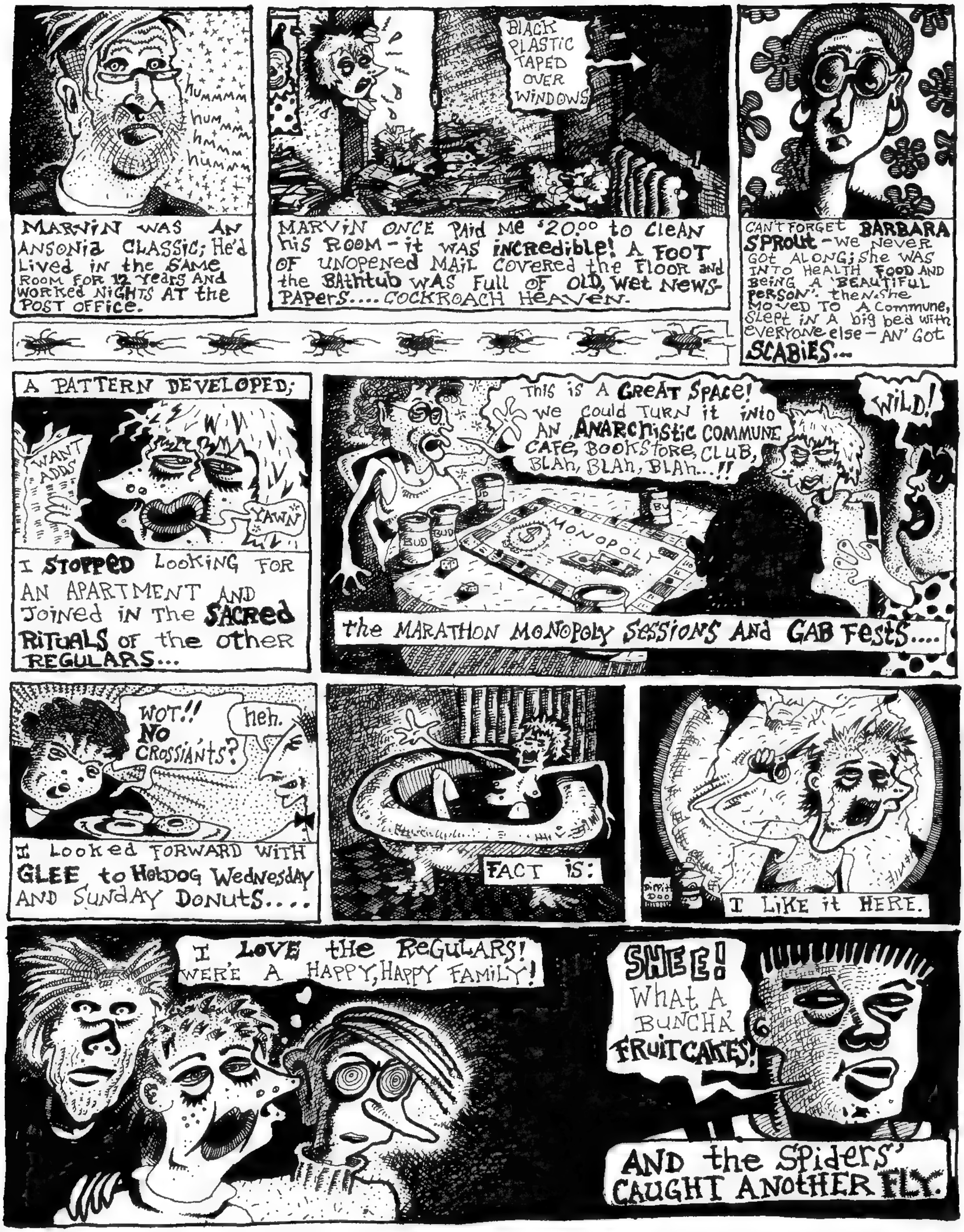

HI, MY NAME IS BOB... JUST CALL ME "BLOB", ALL MY WORST ENEMIES DO!
LEMME TELL YA, EVERYTHING STINKS!
SURE, WHEN I WAS YOUNG I TRIED TA GET AHEAD, BUT I WISED UP FAST! IT'S ALL SET UP SO'S US ORDINARY JOES CAN'T WIN! NOT A CHANCE!
IN THIS WORLD IT'S NOT WHO YA KNOW, IT'S WHO YA BLOW!!
GASP!
THAT'S RIGHT YA OLD BAG! I SAID A BAD WORD! I SAID "BLOW"!
SO, SUE ME!!
YA GODDAM OLD CRAZY PERSON!
THINK FAST YA OLD POOCH!
YIP!
MY HEART...
HERE'S ANOTHER BATTY OLD BROAD! ONLY THIS ONE THINKS SHE'S YOUNG, WEARING HER
SHORTY-SHORTS AND ALL!!
GERALDINE FERRARI HAIRDO
FERGIT IT! YER CELLULITE'S SHOWIN'.
GODDAM FATASS!
HEAVEN HELP HER!
I WAS IN A BAR YESTERDAY AND I WAS TALKIN' TO THIS YOUNG GUY, REAL WALL ST. TYPE (SUIT AND TIE, THE WORKS) AN' HE TELLS ME I'M THE ORIGINAL CYNIC. I SAID, NO WAY I'M A CYNIC! I JUST KNOW EVERYTHING STINKS...
HEY, DROP DEAD YA DRIED UP OLD WORM!
...ESPECIALLY KIDS TODAY!
YOU'VE GOT A LUMPY OLD NOSE!


HEY, MR. HOMOSEXUAL MAN!!
NOW I'M GETTIN' MAD! I AIN'T NO GAY!!
SEZ WHO YA OLD **FAG**! **C'MERE** AN' TELL US THAT, IF YOU **DARE**!
IT'S A DARE BOB CAN'T REFUSE...
COME BACK HERE YA LITTLE BASTARDS!
BILL & PHIL DEFTLY LEAP OVER THE THROW RUG THEY'VE STRATEGICALLY LAID ACROSS AN OPEN MANHOLE...
I'M GAINING! I'VE ALMOST GOTCHA!
DO TELL!
OWWWWWW...
VOOOP!
OH, PLEASE DON'T HURT US, MISTER! WE'RE ONLY POOR, MISGUIDED KIDS!
THAT THROW RUG GAG WORKS LIKE A CHARM EVERYTIME, PHIL!
THAT OLD GUY REALLY BUGGED ME, BILL!
PHIL, **ALL** OLD PEOPLE BUG ME!
ALAS, VERILY 'TIS A TRUTH YOU DOTH SPEAKETH, BILL! OLD PEOPLE ARE TOO SLOW-ETH! THEY'RE ALWAYS IN THE WAY-ETH!
RAT OWN!
SOAP
SO LET'S GET SOME OF 'EM OUTTA THE WAY!
STEAMROLLER WITH KEYS CARELESSLY LEFT IN IGNITION BY A CARELESS, OVERPAID WORKER.
AND SO IN THEIR WAKE YOU'LL FIND ONE BLOODY MESS! OH, THOSE KIDS! WHEN WILL THEY EVER GROW UP? OR **OLD**?!!
OHHH...
A NOTE TO SENSITIVE READERS: DON'T BE JUDGEMENTAL! BILL & PHIL ARE SIMPLY THE PRODUCTS OF A SICK SOCIETY.

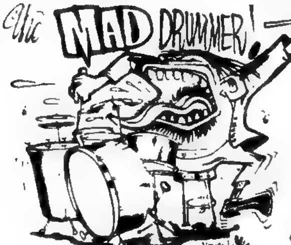
VEGETABLE KINGDOM

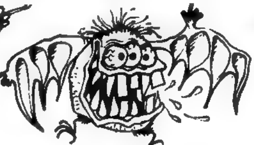
© LINDA CROTHERS 1986

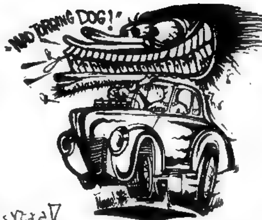

I MOVED INTO A RESIDENCE HOTEL
HMM, LOOKS O.K...
ANSONIA RESIDENCE CLUB
AND PLANNED TO STAY,
ROOM PLEASE.
UNTIL I FOUND AN APARTMENT
HOT SEX
THERE WERE TWO KINDS OF ANSONIANS - THOSE WHO MOVED ON AFTER A FEW DAYS...
AND THE REGULARS.
HOO! WHAT A BUNCHA' WEIRDOS!
I GOT TO KNOW THE REGULARS.
Hi.
Hi
THERE was: BIG JIM.
JIM HAD A PYRAMID IN HIS ROOM THAT HE SAT INSIDE. HE TRIED TO START A RELIGION ONCE.
WILLY, THE COOK-
-SO CALLED...
PETER WORKED IN THE VAULT OF BANK OF AMERICA, COUNTING OTHER PEOPLES $$ ALL DAY.
JULIA WAS A MOSTLY UNEMPLOYED CHEMIST, WHO GOT A GIG AS WAITRESS IN THE DINING-ROOM...
FINGERS IN THE SOUP.
"SOMEONE'S IN THE KITCHEN WITH JULIA, SOMEONE'S IN THE KITCHEN I KNO-O-O, SOMEONE'S IN THE KITCHEN WITH JULIA AN HIS NAMES OL' SAL-MANILA!"
I ONCE TOOK JULIA TO A DEAD KENNEDYS' SHOW, BUT SHE FOUND IT PRETTY DISTURBING...
TH' DEVILL WUZ IN THAT ROOM! I SAW HIM!!
JUDY THE EX-PSYCOLOGIST.

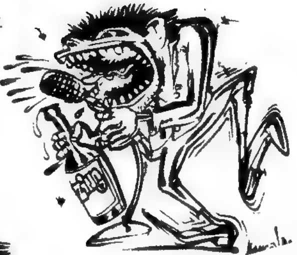

hummmm
hummm
hmmm
hummm
MARVIN WAS AN ANSONIA CLASSIC; He'd Lived in the SAME ROOM FOR 12 Years AND WORKED NIGHTS AT the POST OFFICE.
BLACK PLASTIC TAPED OVER WINDOWS
MARVIN ONCE PAID ME $20.00 to CLEAN his ROOM - it WAS incredible! A FOOT OF UNOPENED MAIL COVERED the FLOOR and the BAthtub WAS Full OF OLD, Wet NEWSPAPERS.... COCKROACH HEAVEN.
CAN'T FORGET BARBARA SPROUT - WE NEVER GOT ALONG; She WAS INTO HEALTH FOOD AND BEING A 'BEAUTIFUL PERSON'. then She MOVED TO A Commune, SLEPT IN A big bed with EVERYONE else - AN' Got SCABIES...
A PATTERN DEVELOPED;
WANT ADDS
YAWN
I STOPPED LOOKING FOR AN APARTMENT AND Joined IN The SACRED RITUALS OF the other REGULARS...
This is A GREAT SPACE! we could TURN it into AN ANARCHISTIC COMMUNE CAFE, BOOKSTORE, CLUB, BLAH, BLAH, BLAH...!!
WILD!
BUD
BUD
BUD
MONOPOLY
the MARATHON MONOPOLY SESSIONS AND GAB FESTS....
WOT!! NO CROSSIANTS?
heh.
I LOOKED FORWARD WITH GLEE to HotDOG Wednesday AND SUNDAY DONUTS....
FACT IS:
I LIKE it HERE.
I LOVE the REGULARS! WE'RE A HAPPY, HAPPY FAMILY!
SHEE! What A BUNCHA' FRUITCAKES!
AND the Spiders' CAUGHT ANOTHER FLY.]

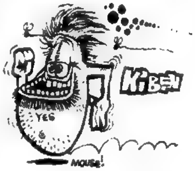
"BIG DADDY ROTH SUCKS RAT FINK SNOT" DEPT.

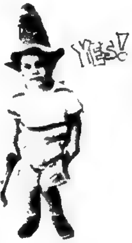

Chic
MAD DRUMMER!
MOUSE!

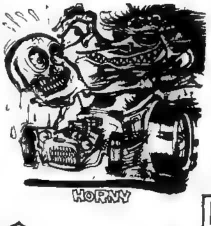


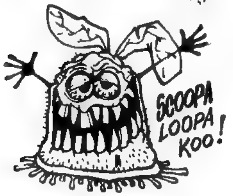

MAD TORQUING DOG!

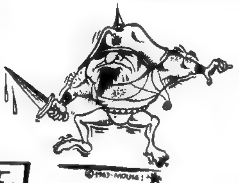



KIBEN
YES
MOUSE!

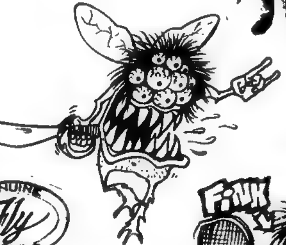


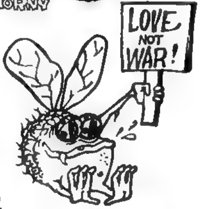


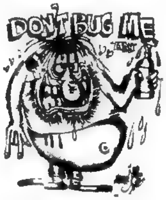

SCOOPA
LOOPA
KOO!

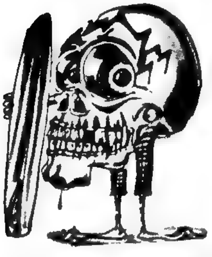


PRAY FOR SURF!

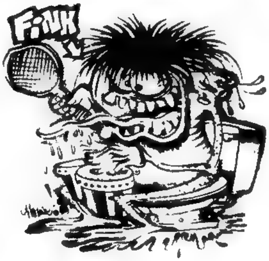


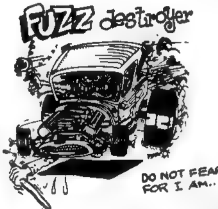

LOVE NOT WAR!

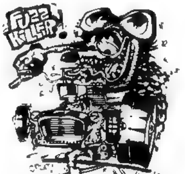


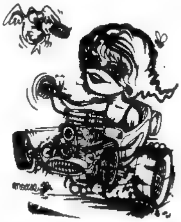


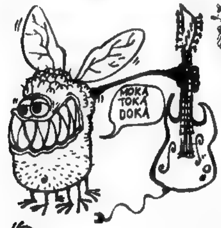
GENUINE Fly PARTS

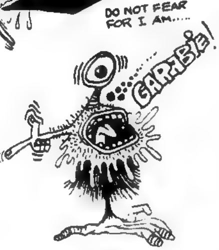


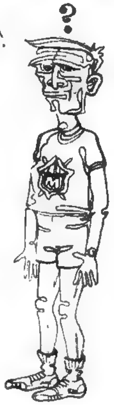

FUZZ destroyer

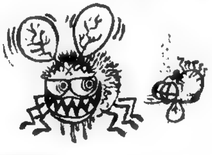

FUZZ KILLER

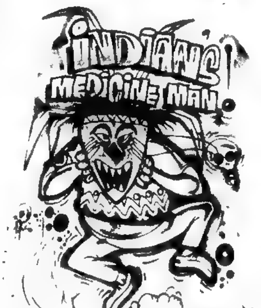


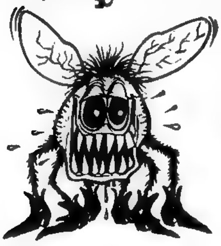

MOKA
TOKA
DOKA

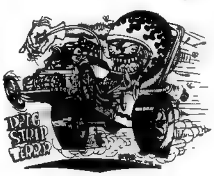

DO NOT FEAR
FOR I AM.....
GARBIE!

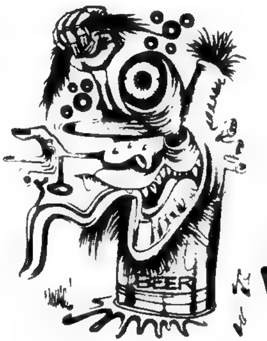


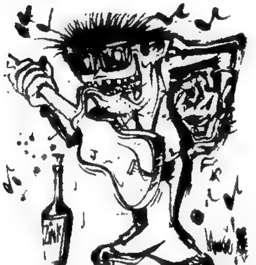


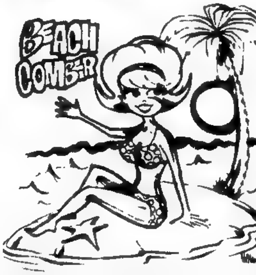

INDIAN'S
MEDICINE MAN

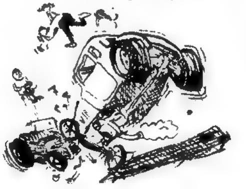


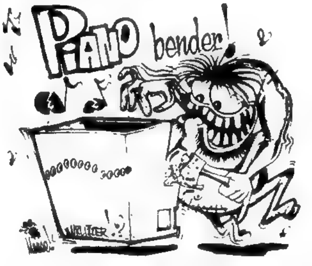

DRAG
STRIP
TERROR



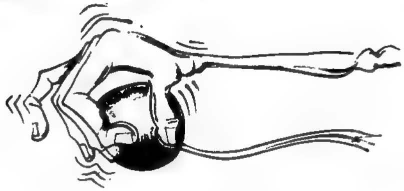



BEACH
COMBER




PIANO bender!

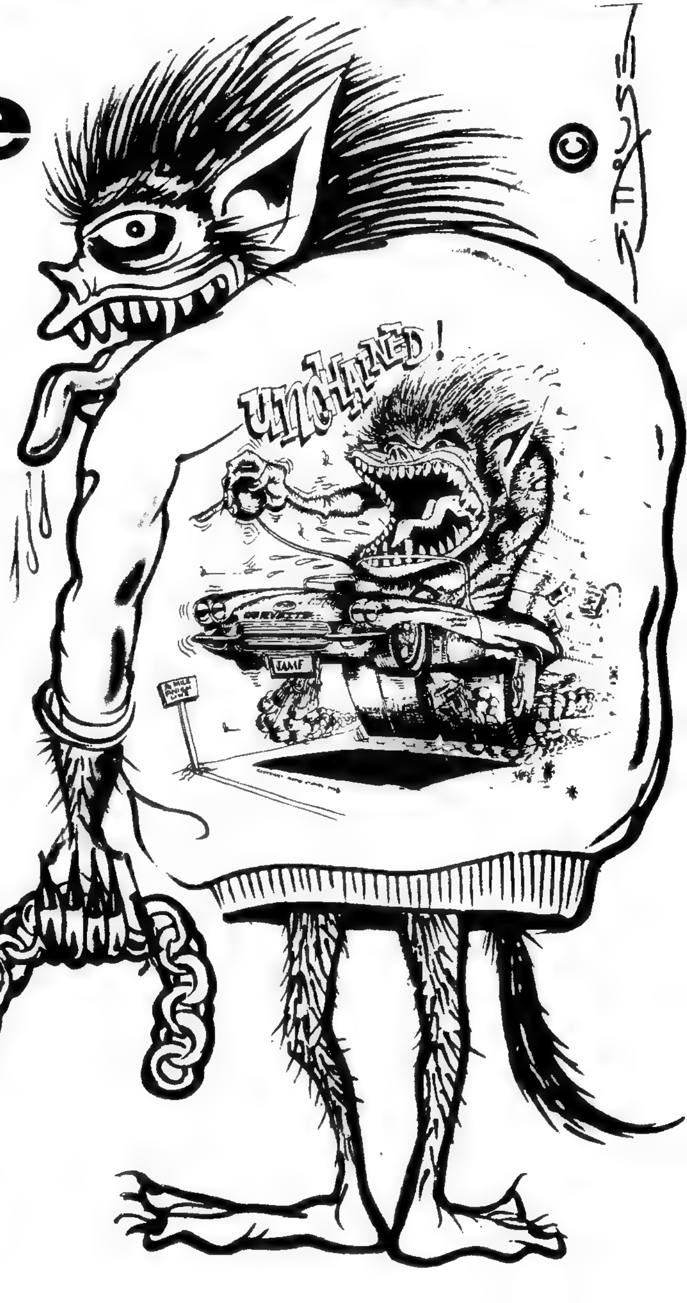
monster shirts by mouse

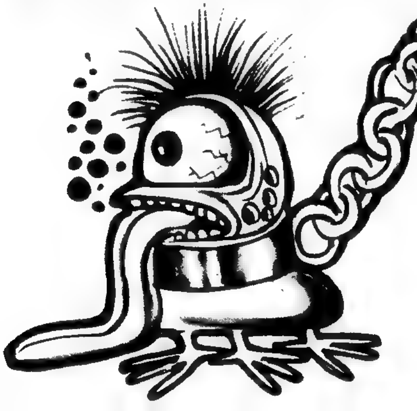


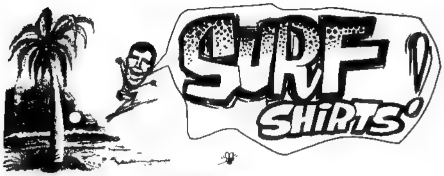
THOUGH PROBABLY BEST KNOWN FOR THE PSYCHEDELIC POSTERS AND ALBUM COVERS HE DID AS HALF OF KELLY/MOUSE STUDIOS, STANLEY MOUSE BEGAN HIS ART CAREER BACK IN THE MOTOR CITY AS A CUSTOM T-SHIRT DESIGNER, WORKING IN THAT WILD MONSTER/HOT-ROD STYLE THAT WAS SO POPULAR IN THE MID-SIXTIES.

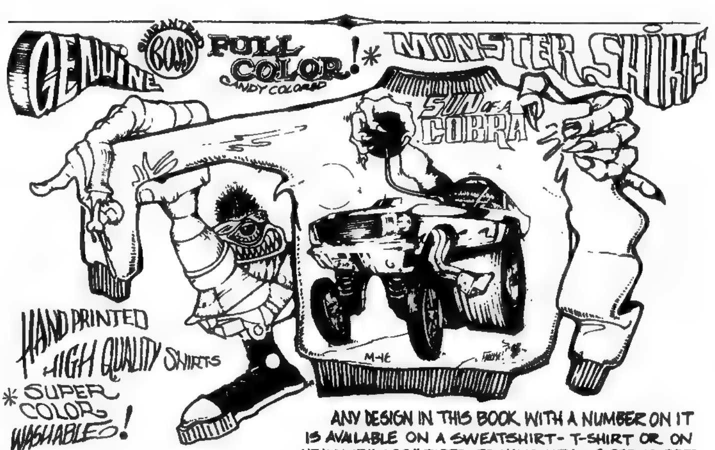
THE DRAWINGS SHOWN HERE, WERE REPRINTED FROM MOUSE'S CATOLOGS CIRCA 1963-'66, THOUGH SOME OF THESE DESIGNS DATE BACK TO 1959, WHICH COULD MEAN THAT MOUSE WAS THE FIRST ARTIST TO CAPITALIZE ON THIS PARTICULAR "SCHOOL" OF ART.

YOU CAN STILL ORDER SHIRT DESIGNS AND PRINTS FROM STAN BY WRITING TO: MOUSE STUDIOS, BOX 545, CARNELIAN BAY, CA, 95711.

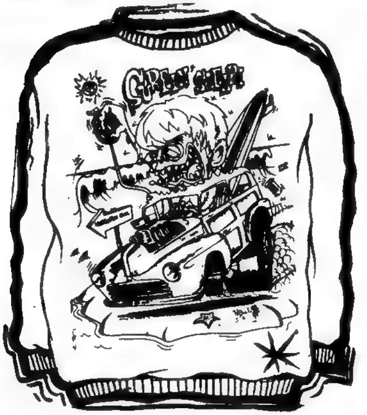


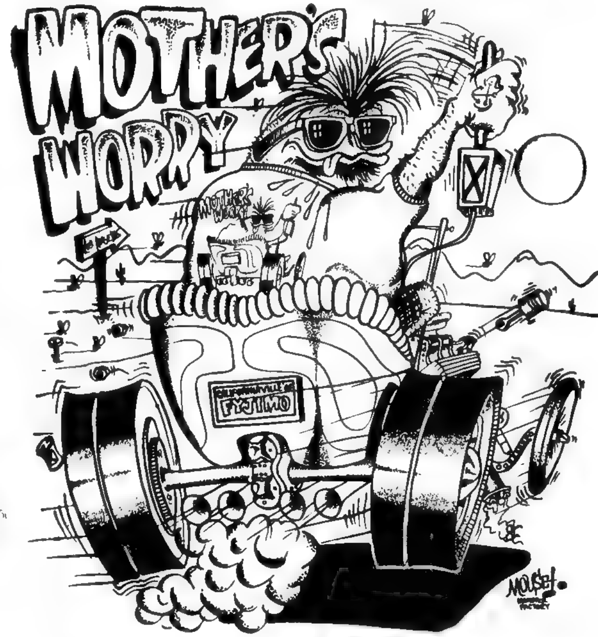


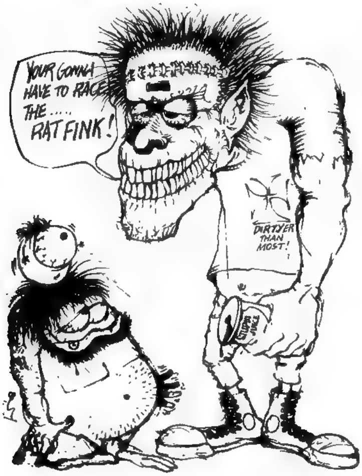

SURF SHIRTS!

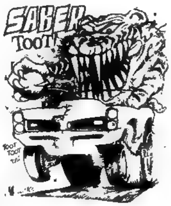

GENUINE
GUARANTEED BOSS
FULL COLOR!
CANDY COLORED
* MONSTER SHIRTS
SUN OF A COBRA
M-16
HAND PRINTED
HIGH QUALITY SHIRTS
* SUPER COLOR
WASHABLES!

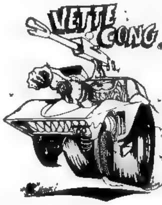
ANY DESIGN IN THIS BOOK WITH A NUMBER ON IT IS AVAILABLE ON A SWEATSHIRT - T-SHIRT OR ON HEAVY 17" X 22" PAPER TO HANG UP! - SUPER COLORED FOR A DOLLAR EXTRA - PICTURES ON PAPER COME WITH A FLUORESCENT BACKGROUND!

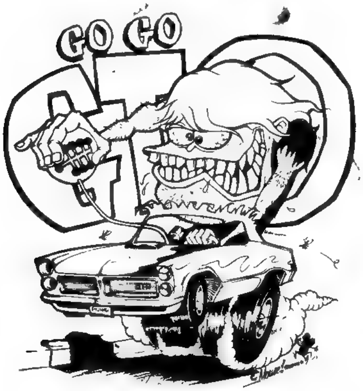


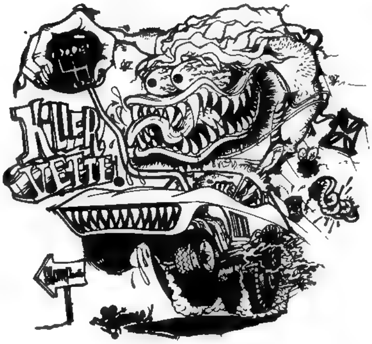

MOTHER'S WORRY
MOTHER'S WORRY
FYJIMO
MOUSE!

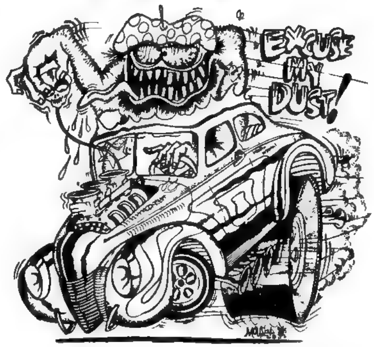

YOUR GONNA HAVE TO RACE THE..... RAT FINK!
DIRTYER THAN MOST!


SABER TOOT!
TOOT TOOT

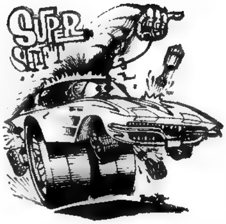


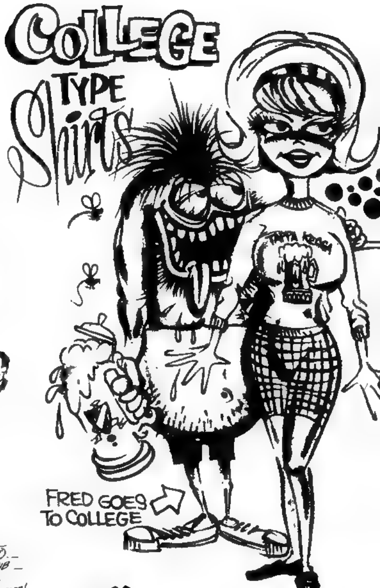


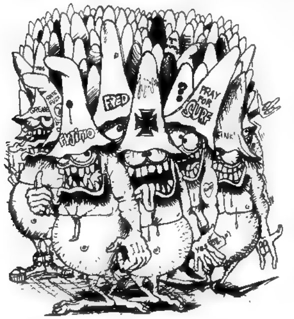

KILLER VETTE!


EXCUSE MY DUST!
MOUSE

HILL and COUNTRY..... CRASH HELMETS!

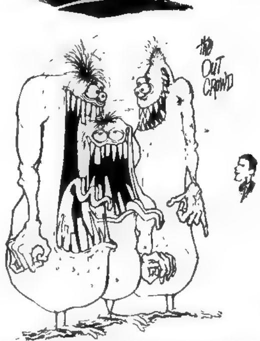

SUPER SHIFT

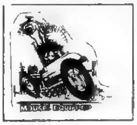

College
TYPE
Shirts
FRED GOES TO COLLEGE


FRED
PRAY FOR SURF
GREASE

These are the **Famous Hats** that you have heard about and have seen all over the world They have been worn by celebrities from New York to Hamtramck (they are sometimes called Hully Gully Crash Helmets). Actually they are old hats, that are cleaned, stretched, blocked, expertly painted, scalloped and named! You can have any name that you want on the hat, airbrushed in fluorescent colors They come in two sizes . Smaller and Larger! Notice Fred Flypogger and his Motley Crew (a group of Swarthy Devils, by the way) they all have on crash helmets to protect them from flying swingle pucks.

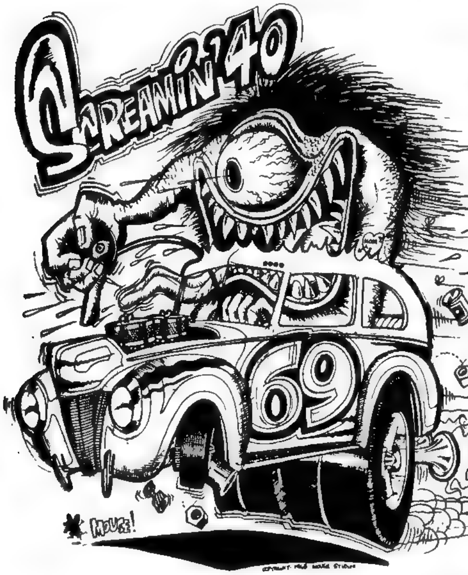
All this for $3

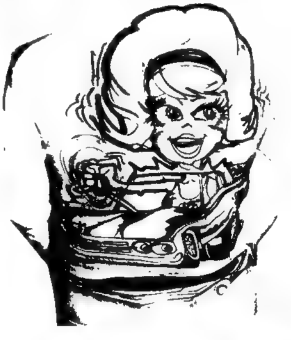

THE OUT CROWD

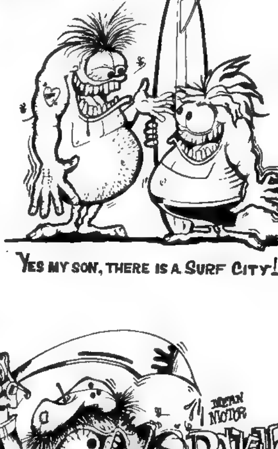


FORGET ABOUT THE IN CROWD. _
BE IN THE "OUT" CROWD (FAR OUT). _
JOIN THE MOUSE! MONSTER CLUB _
BY JOINING YOU'LL RECIEVE....
✱ A LARGE PICTURE OF FRED FLYPOGGER!
✱ A MEMBERSHIP CARD!
✱ A PATCH FOR YOUR JACKET!
✱ A DECAL!
✱ AND FUTURE LISTS OF MOUSE GOODIES!

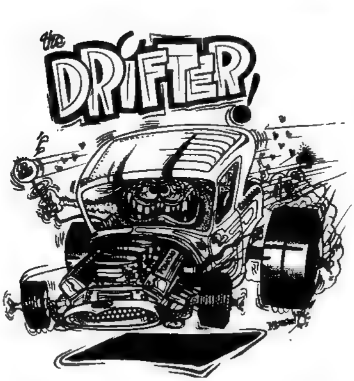
ALL THIS FOR $5.00

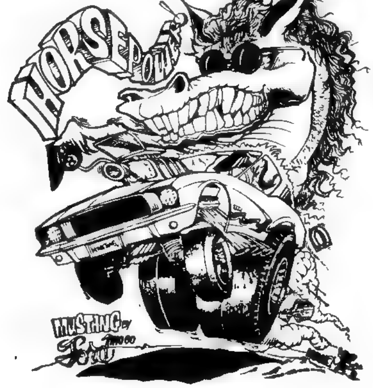

SCREAMIN 140
69
MOUSE!
COPYRIGHT MAD MOUSE STUDIOS

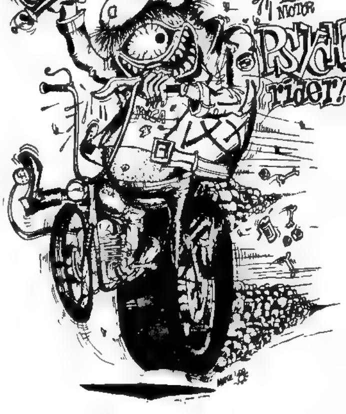


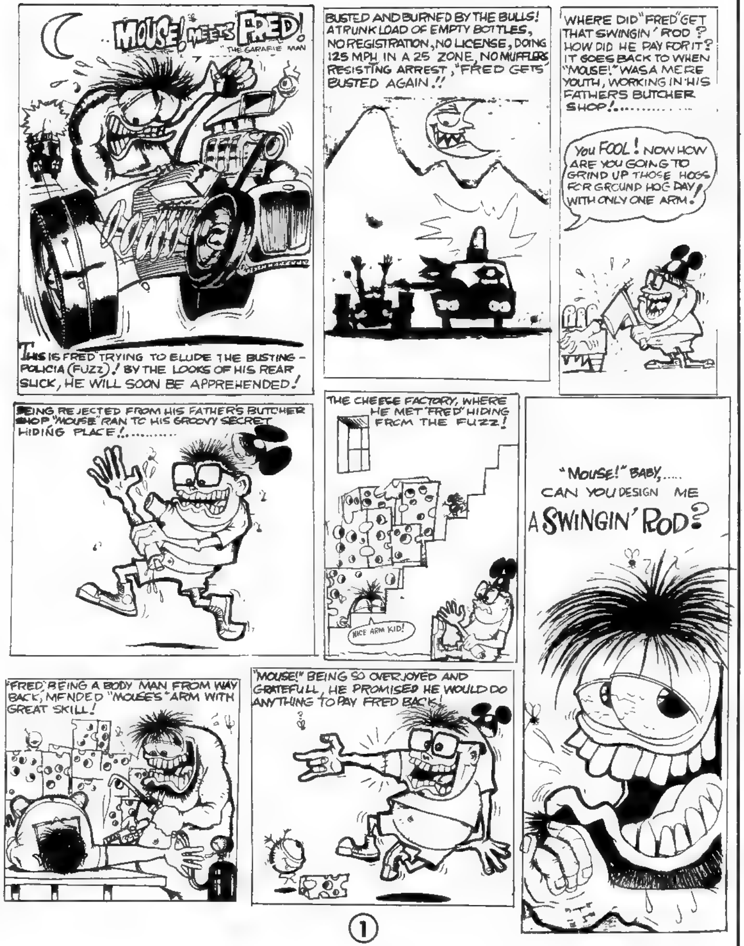


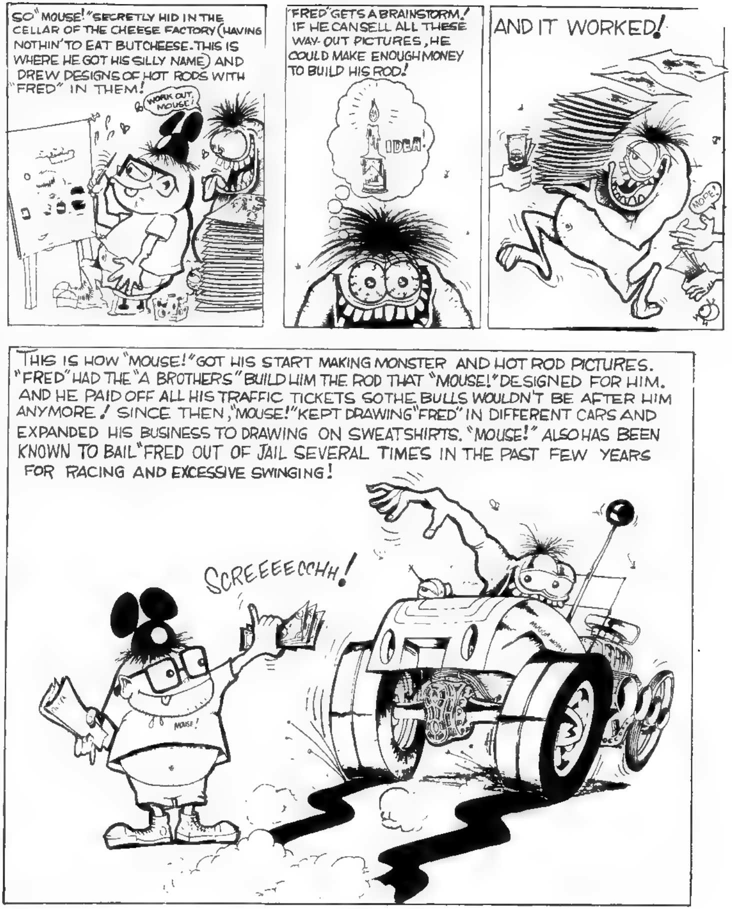
YES MY SON, THERE IS A SURF CITY!


the DRIFTER!


HORSEPOWER
MUSTANG BY

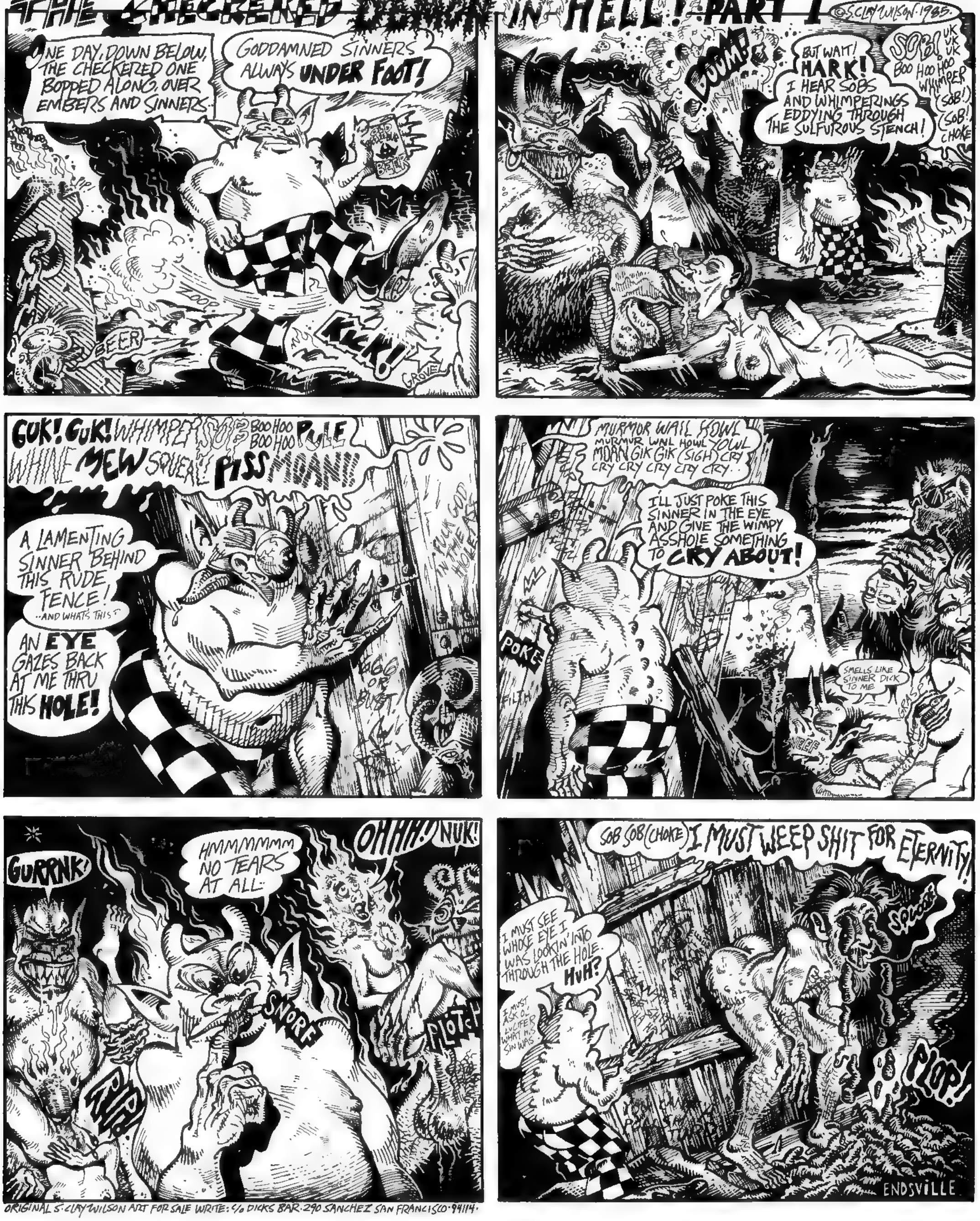

METAN MOTOR
Psychle
rider!


MOUSE! MEETS FRED!
"THE GARAGE MAN
THIS IS FRED TRYING TO ELUDE THE BUSTING-POLICIA (FUZZ)! BY THE LOOKS OF HIS REAR SLICK, HE WILL SOON BE APPREHENDED!
BUSTED AND BURNED BY THE BULLS! A TRUNK LOAD OF EMPTY BOTTLES, NO REGISTRATION, NO LICENSE, DOING 125 MPH IN A 25 ZONE, NO MUFFLERS RESISTING ARREST, "FRED GETS" BUSTED AGAIN!!
WHERE DID "FRED" GET THAT SWINGIN' ROD? HOW DID HE PAY FOR IT? IT GOES BACK TO WHEN "MOUSE!" WAS A MERE YOUTH, WORKING IN HIS FATHER'S BUTCHER SHOP!..........
You FOOL! NOW HOW ARE YOU GOING TO GRIND UP THOSE HOGS FOR GROUND HOG DAY WITH ONLY ONE ARM!
BEING REJECTED FROM HIS FATHER'S BUTCHER SHOP "MOUSE" RAN TO HIS GROOVY SECRET HIDING PLACE!..........
THE CHEESE FACTORY, WHERE HE MET "FRED" HIDING FROM THE FUZZ!
NICE ARM KID!
"MOUSE!" BABY,..... CAN YOU DESIGN ME A SWINGIN' ROD?
"FRED" BEING A BODY MAN FROM WAY BACK, MENDED "MOUSE'S" ARM WITH GREAT SKILL!
"MOUSE!" BEING SO OVERJOYED AND GRATEFULL, HE PROMISED HE WOULD DO ANYTHING TO PAY FRED BACK!

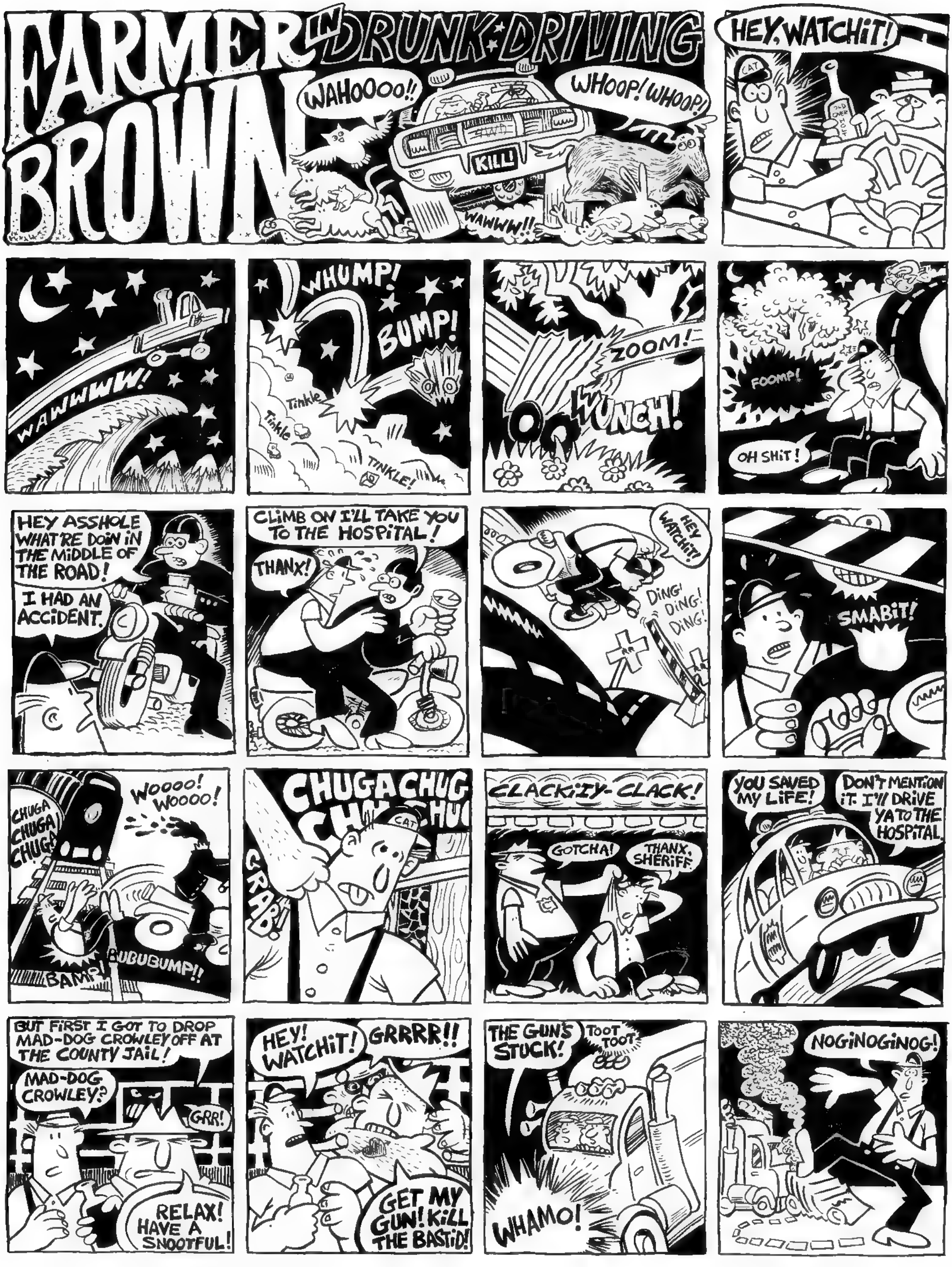

SO "MOUSE!" SECRETLY HID IN THE CELLAR OF THE CHEESE FACTORY (HAVING NOTHIN' TO EAT BUT CHEESE. THIS IS WHERE HE GOT HIS SILLY NAME) AND DREW DESIGNS OF HOT RODS WITH "FRED" IN THEM!
WORK OUT, MOUSE!
"FRED" GETS A BRAINSTORM! IF HE CAN SELL ALL THESE WAY-OUT PICTURES, HE COULD MAKE ENOUGH MONEY TO BUILD HIS ROD!
IDEA!
AND IT WORKED!
MORE!
THIS IS HOW "MOUSE!" GOT HIS START MAKING MONSTER AND HOT ROD PICTURES. "FRED" HAD THE "A BROTHERS" BUILD HIM THE ROD THAT "MOUSE!" DESIGNED FOR HIM. AND HE PAID OFF ALL HIS TRAFFIC TICKETS SO THE BULLS WOULDN'T BE AFTER HIM ANYMORE! SINCE THEN, "MOUSE!" KEPT DRAWING "FRED" IN DIFFERENT CARS AND EXPANDED HIS BUSINESS TO DRAWING ON SWEATSHIRTS. "MOUSE!" ALSO HAS BEEN KNOWN TO BAIL "FRED OUT OF JAIL SEVERAL TIMES IN THE PAST FEW YEARS FOR RACING AND EXCESSIVE SWINGING!
SCREEEECCHH!
MOUSE!

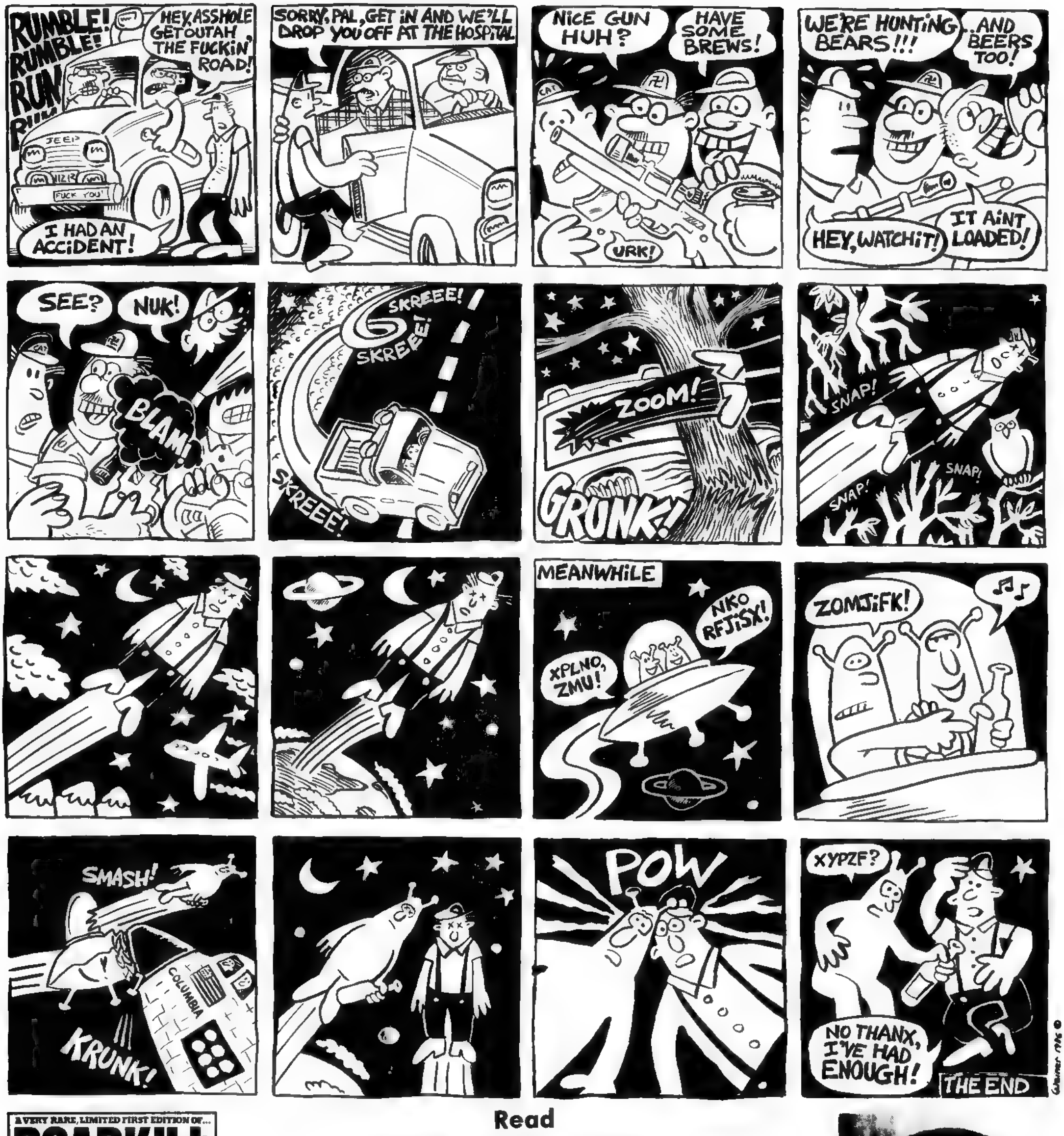
THE CHECKERED DEMON IN HELL! PART I

© S. CLAY WILSON 1985.


ONE DAY, DOWN BELOW, THE CHECKERED ONE BOPPED ALONG, OVER EMBERS AND SINNERS.
GODDAMNED SINNERS ALWAYS UNDER FOOT!
BEER
ZOOP
BEER
KICK!
GROVEL
BOOM!
BUT WAIT! HARK! I HEAR SOBS AND WHIMPERINGS EDDYING THROUGH THE SULFUROUS STENCH!
SOB! UK UK BOO HOO HOO WHIMPER (SOB!) (SOB! CHOKE
GUK! GUK! WHIMPER SOB BOO HOO BOO HOO PULE WHINE MEW SQUEAL PISS MOAN!!
A LAMENTING SINNER BEHIND THIS RUDE FENCE! ...AND WHATS THIS?
AN EYE GAZES BACK AT ME THRU THIS HOLE!
FUCK GOD IN THE HOLE
EGG OR BUST
MURMOR WAIL HOWL MURMUR WAIL HOWL YOWL MOAN GIK GIK (SIGH) CRY CRY CRY CRY CRY CRY.
I'LL JUST POKE THIS SINNER IN THE EYE AND GIVE THE WIMPY ASSHOLE SOMETHING TO CRY ABOUT!
POKE
FILTH
SMELLS LIKE SINNER DICK TO ME
SNEEF
GRASP
GURRNK!
HMMMMMMM NO TEARS AT ALL.
OHHH! NUK!
SNORF
RIP
PLOTCH
SOB SOB (CHOKE) I MUST WEEP SHIT FOR ETERNITY!
I MUST SEE WHOSE EYE I WAS LOOKIN' INTO THROUGH THE HOLE. HUH?
I MUST ASK OL' LUCIFER WHAT HIS SIN WAS.
SPLOOT
PLOP!
ENDSVILLE

ORIGINAL S. CLAY WILSON ART FOR SALE WRITE: c/o DICKS BAR · 290 SANCHEZ SAN FRANCISCO · 94114 ·


FARMER BROWN
IN DRUNK★DRIVING
WAHOOOO!!
WHOOP! WHOOP!
KILL!
WAWWW!!
HEY, WATCHIT!
CAT
OLD OVER HOLT
WAWWWW!
WHUMP!
BUMP!
Tinkle
Tinkle
TINKLE!
ZOOM!
WUNCH!
FOOMP!
OH SHIT!
HEY ASSHOLE WHAT'RE DOIN IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD!
I HAD AN ACCIDENT.
CLIMB ON I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE HOSPITAL!
THANX!
HEY WATCHIT!
DING! DING! DING!
SMABIT!
CHUGA CHUGA CHUGA
WOOOO! WOOOO!
BAMP!
BUBUBUMP!!
CHUGACHUG CHUG CHUG
CAT
GRAB!
CLACK-IT-Y-CLACK!
GOTCHA!
THANX, SHERIFF
YOU SAVED MY LIFE!
DON'T MENTION IT. I'll DRIVE YA TO THE HOSPITAL.
BUT FIRST I GOT TO DROP MAD-DOG CROWLEY OFF AT THE COUNTY JAIL!
MAD-DOG CROWLEY?
GRR!
RELAX! HAVE A SNOOTFUL!
HEY! WATCHIT!
GRRRR!!
GET MY GUN! KILL THE BASTID!
THE GUN'S STUCK!
TOOT TOOT
WHAMO!
NOGINOGINOG!


RUMBLE! RUMBLE! RUM R
HEY, ASSHOLE GET OUTAH THE FUCKIN' ROAD!
JEEP
FUCK YOU!
I HAD AN ACCIDENT!
SORRY, PAL, GET IN AND WE'LL DROP YOU OFF AT THE HOSPITAL
NICE GUN HUH?
HAVE SOME BREWS!
CAT
URK!
WE'RE HUNTING BEARS!!!
...AND BEERS TOO!
HEY, WATCHIT!
IT AINT LOADED!
SEE?
NUK!
CAT
BLAM!
SKREEE!
SKREEE!
SKREEE!
ZOOM!
GRUNK!
SNAP!
SNAP!
SNAP!
MEANWHILE
NKO RFJiSX!
XPLNO, ZMU!
ZOMJiFK!
SMASH!
COLUMBIA
KRUNK!
POW
XYPZF?
NO THANX, I'VE HAD ENOUGH!
THE END
Weiner 1986 ©

A VERY RARE, LIMITED FIRST EDITION OF...
ROADKILL
MAGAZINE
$1.00
SPLATTER FUMETTI
HORRIBLE MUSIC • BRUTALLY SICK COMICS

Read

ROADKILL

THE FIRST PUBLICATION FOR HIGHWAY HUNTERS

(Featuring the same Cats that brought you STOP!)

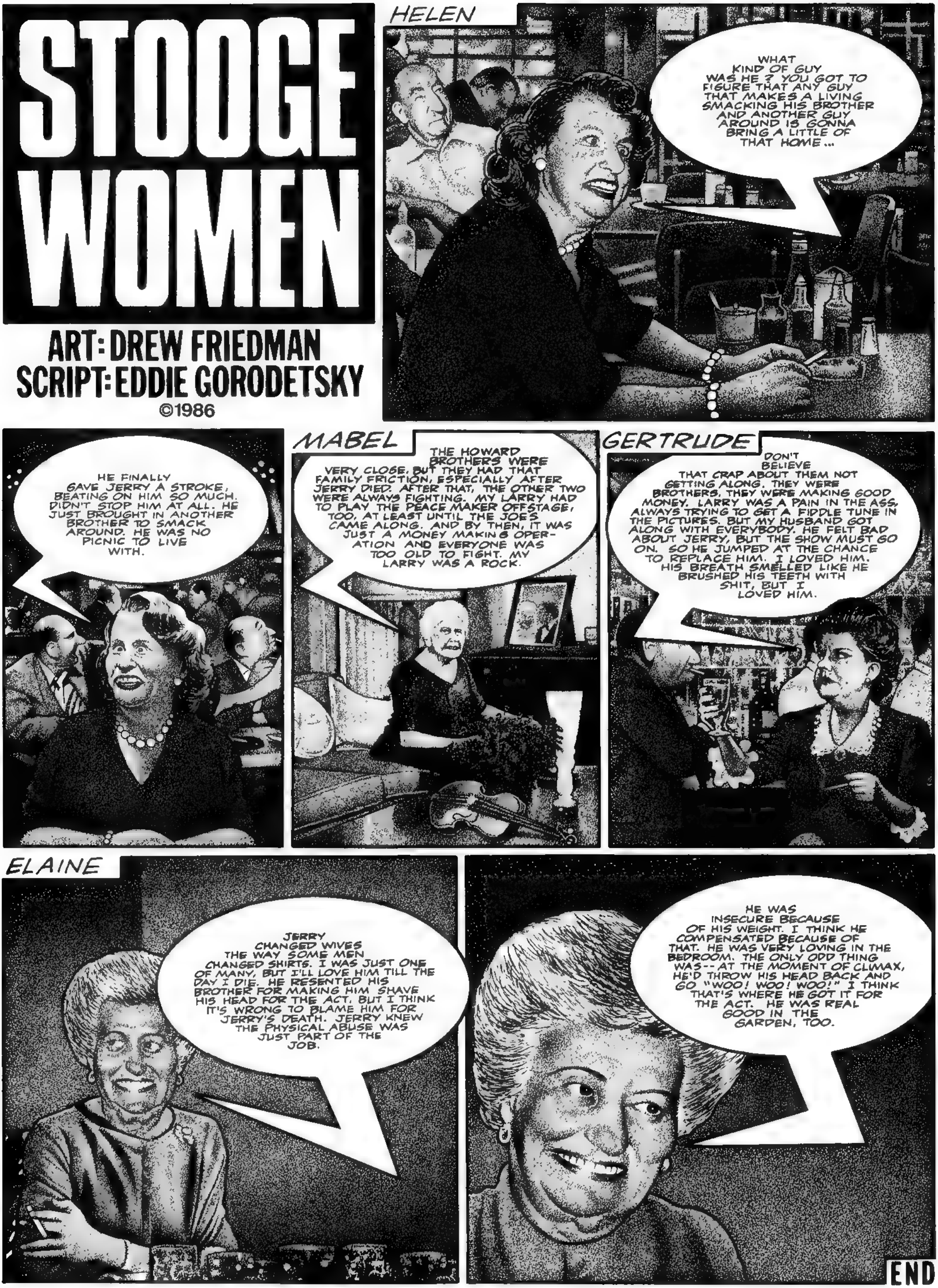
EDITED BY KEN WEINER

MAIL $2.00 to Weiner,
BOX 2405 MPLS. 55402

STOOGE WOMEN

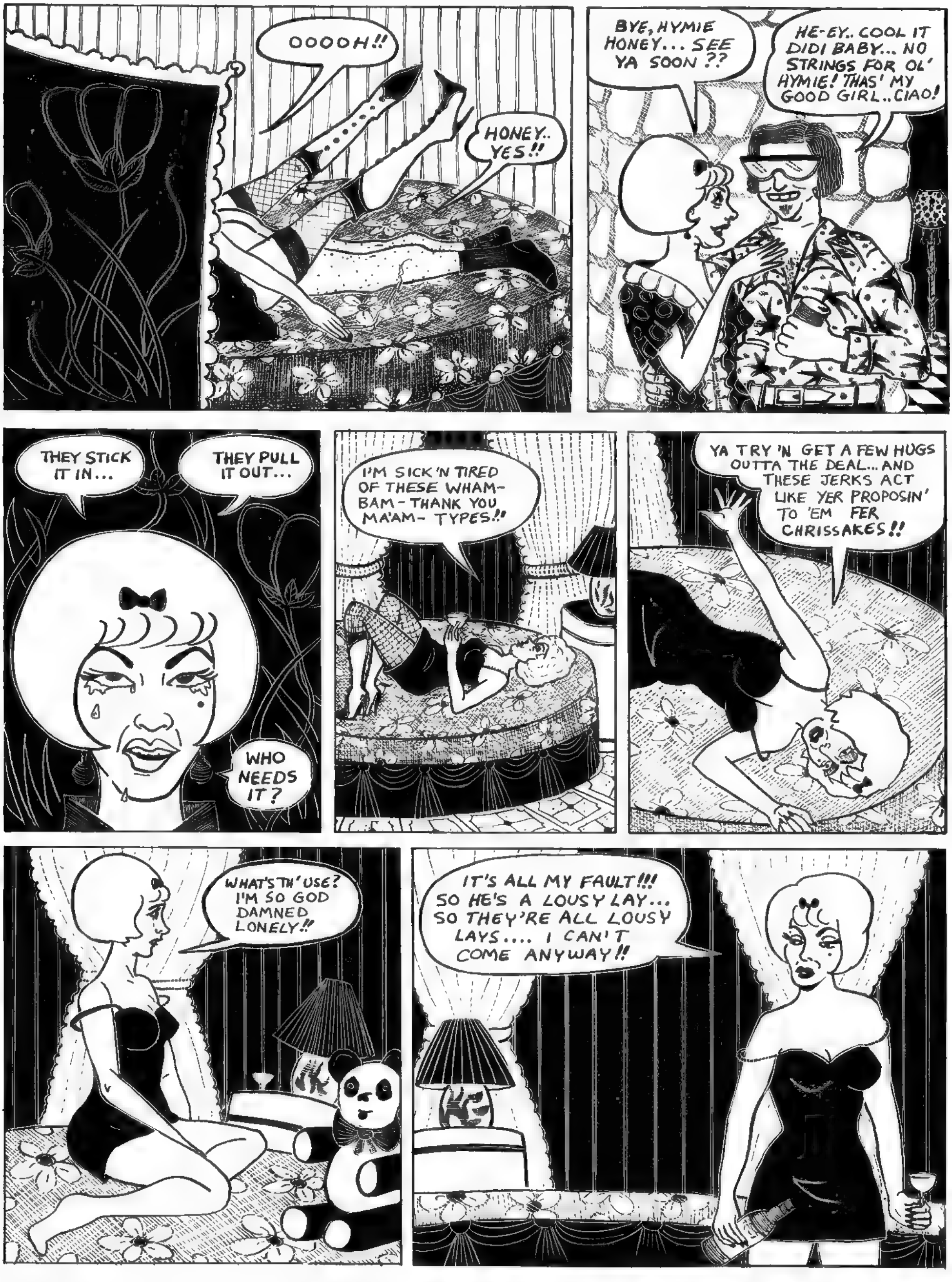
ART: DREW FRIEDMAN
SCRIPT: EDDIE GORODETSKY

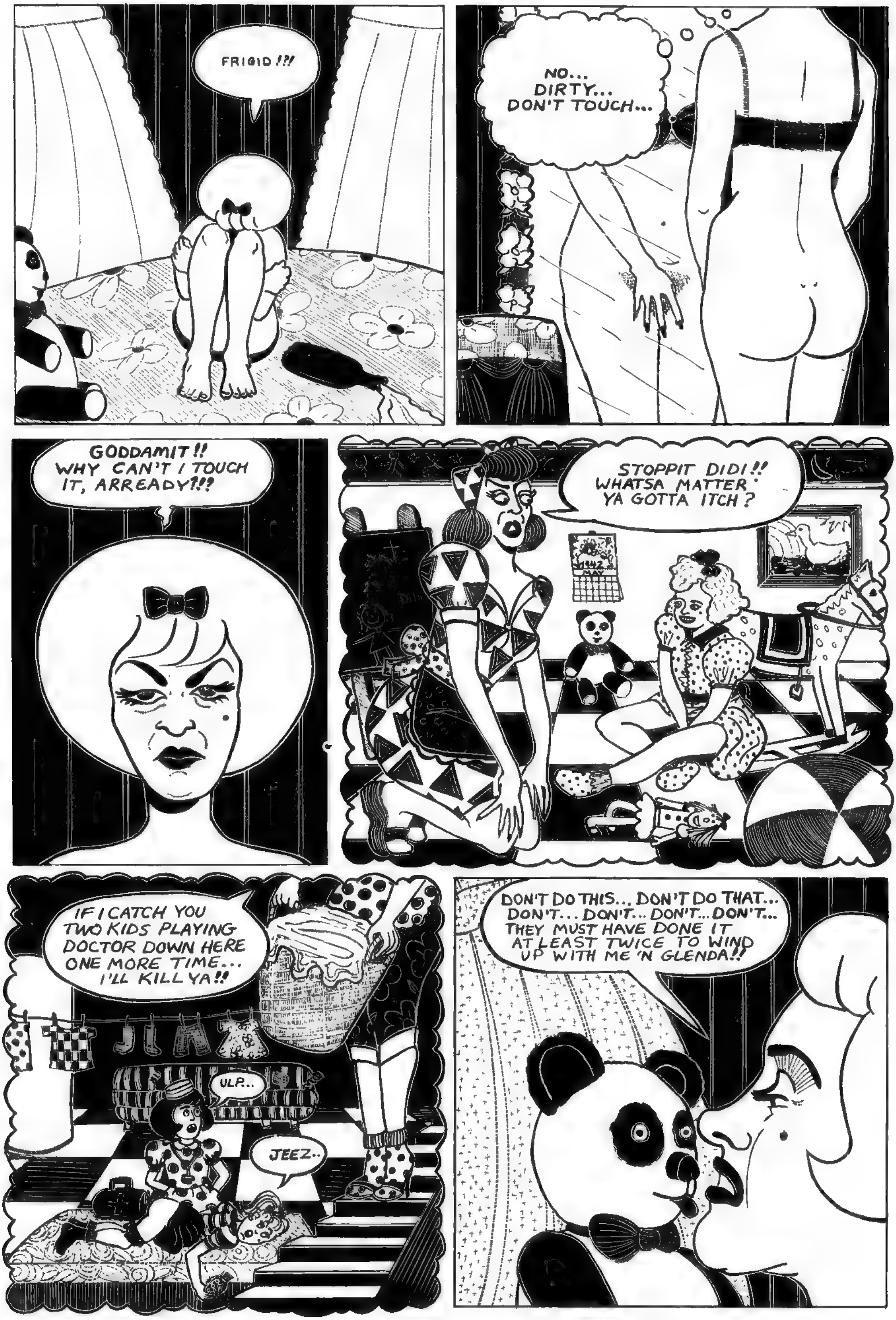
©1986

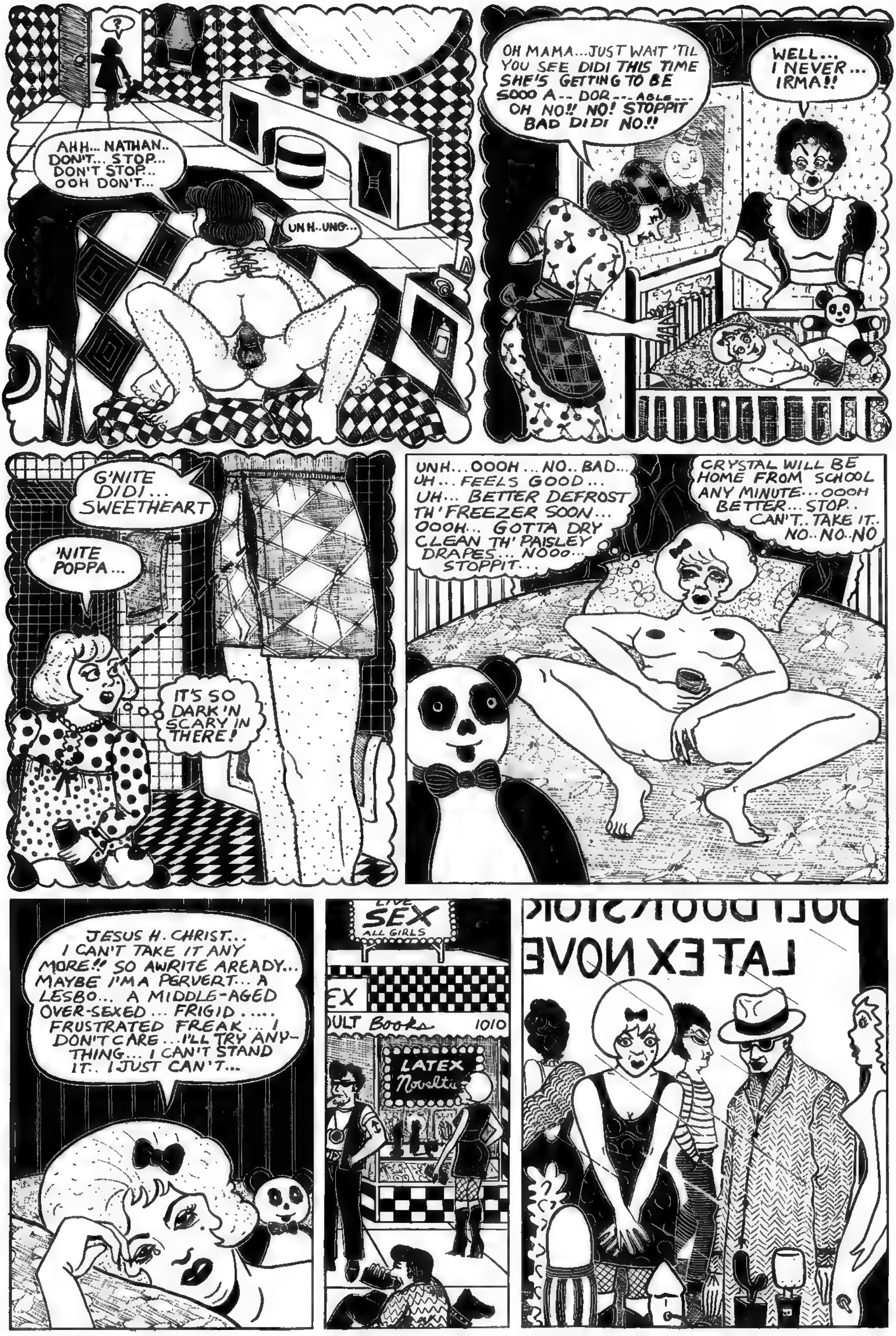

HELEN
WHAT KIND OF GUY WAS HE ? YOU GOT TO FIGURE THAT ANY GUY THAT MAKES A LIVING SMACKING HIS BROTHER AND ANOTHER GUY AROUND IS GONNA BRING A LITTLE OF THAT HOME ...
HE FINALLY GAVE JERRY A STROKE, BEATING ON HIM SO MUCH. DIDN'T STOP HIM AT ALL. HE JUST BROUGHT IN ANOTHER BROTHER TO SMACK AROUND. HE WAS NO PICNIC TO LIVE WITH.
MABEL
THE HOWARD BROTHERS WERE VERY CLOSE. BUT THEY HAD THAT FAMILY FRICTION, ESPECIALLY AFTER JERRY DIED. AFTER THAT, THE OTHER TWO WERE ALWAYS FIGHTING. MY LARRY HAD TO PLAY THE PEACE MAKER OFFSTAGE, TOO, AT LEAST UNTIL THE JOES CAME ALONG. AND BY THEN, IT WAS JUST A MONEY MAKING OPERATION AND EVERYONE WAS TOO OLD TO FIGHT. MY LARRY WAS A ROCK.
GERTRUDE
DON'T BELIEVE THAT CRAP ABOUT THEM NOT GETTING ALONG. THEY WERE BROTHERS. THEY WERE MAKING GOOD MONEY. LARRY WAS A PAIN IN THE ASS, ALWAYS TRYING TO GET A FIDDLE TUNE IN THE PICTURES. BUT MY HUSBAND GOT ALONG WITH EVERYBODY. HE FELT BAD ABOUT JERRY, BUT THE SHOW MUST GO ON. SO HE JUMPED AT THE CHANCE TO REPLACE HIM. I LOVED HIM. HIS BREATH SMELLED LIKE HE BRUSHED HIS TEETH WITH SHIT, BUT I LOVED HIM.
ELAINE
JERRY CHANGED WIVES THE WAY SOME MEN CHANGED SHIRTS. I WAS JUST ONE OF MANY, BUT I'LL LOVE HIM TILL THE DAY I DIE. HE RESENTED HIS BROTHER FOR MAKING HIM SHAVE HIS HEAD FOR THE ACT. BUT I THINK IT'S WRONG TO BLAME HIM FOR JERRY'S DEATH. JERRY KNEW THE PHYSICAL ABUSE WAS JUST PART OF THE JOB.
HE WAS INSECURE BECAUSE OF HIS WEIGHT. I THINK HE COMPENSATED BECAUSE OF THAT. HE WAS VERY LOVING IN THE BEDROOM. THE ONLY ODD THING WAS-- AT THE MOMENT OF CLIMAX, HE'D THROW HIS HEAD BACK AND GO "WOO! WOO! WOO!" I THINK THAT'S WHERE HE GOT IT FOR THE ACT. HE WAS REAL GOOD IN THE GARDEN, TOO.
END

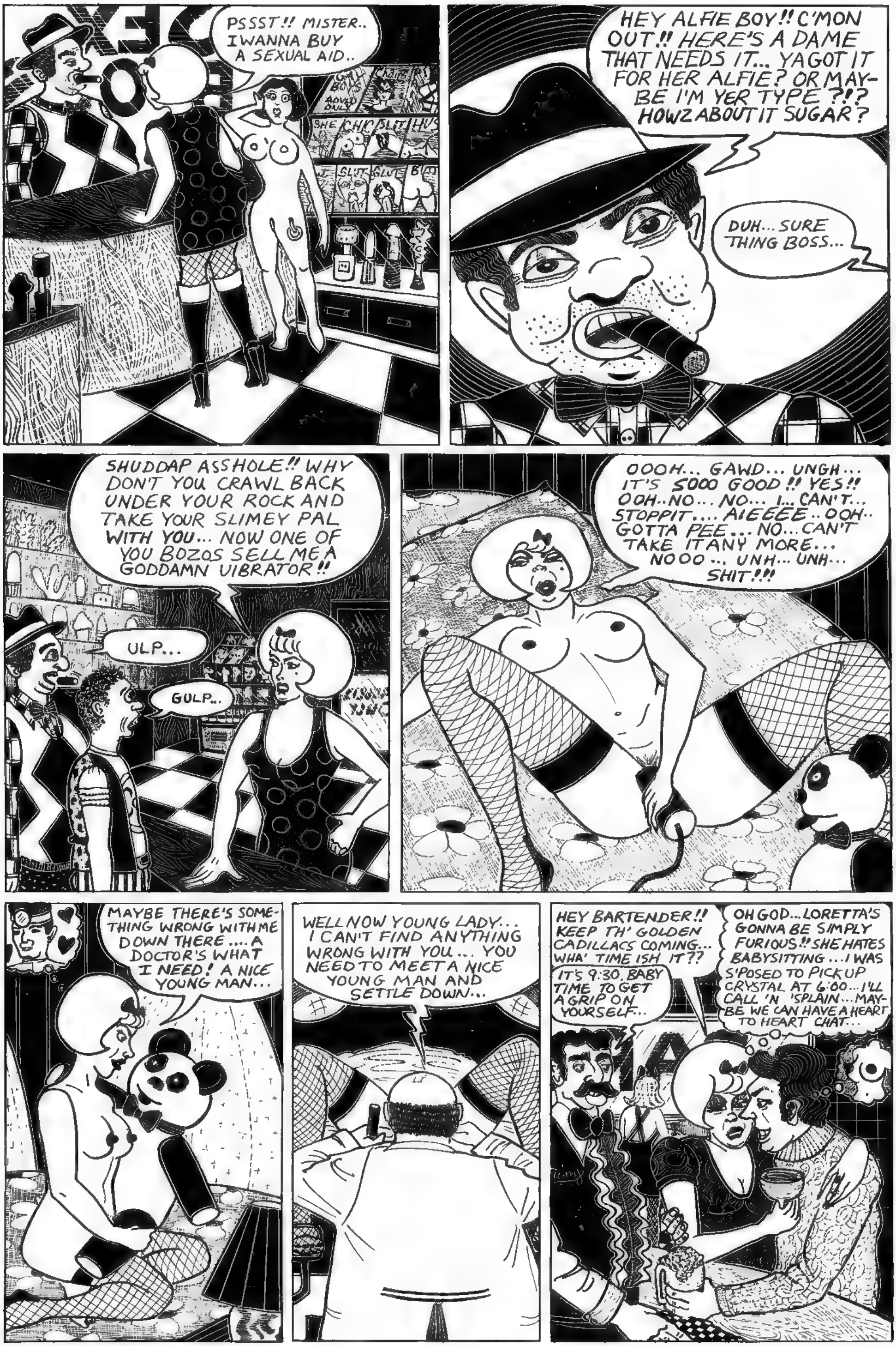
DiDi Has an Orgasm

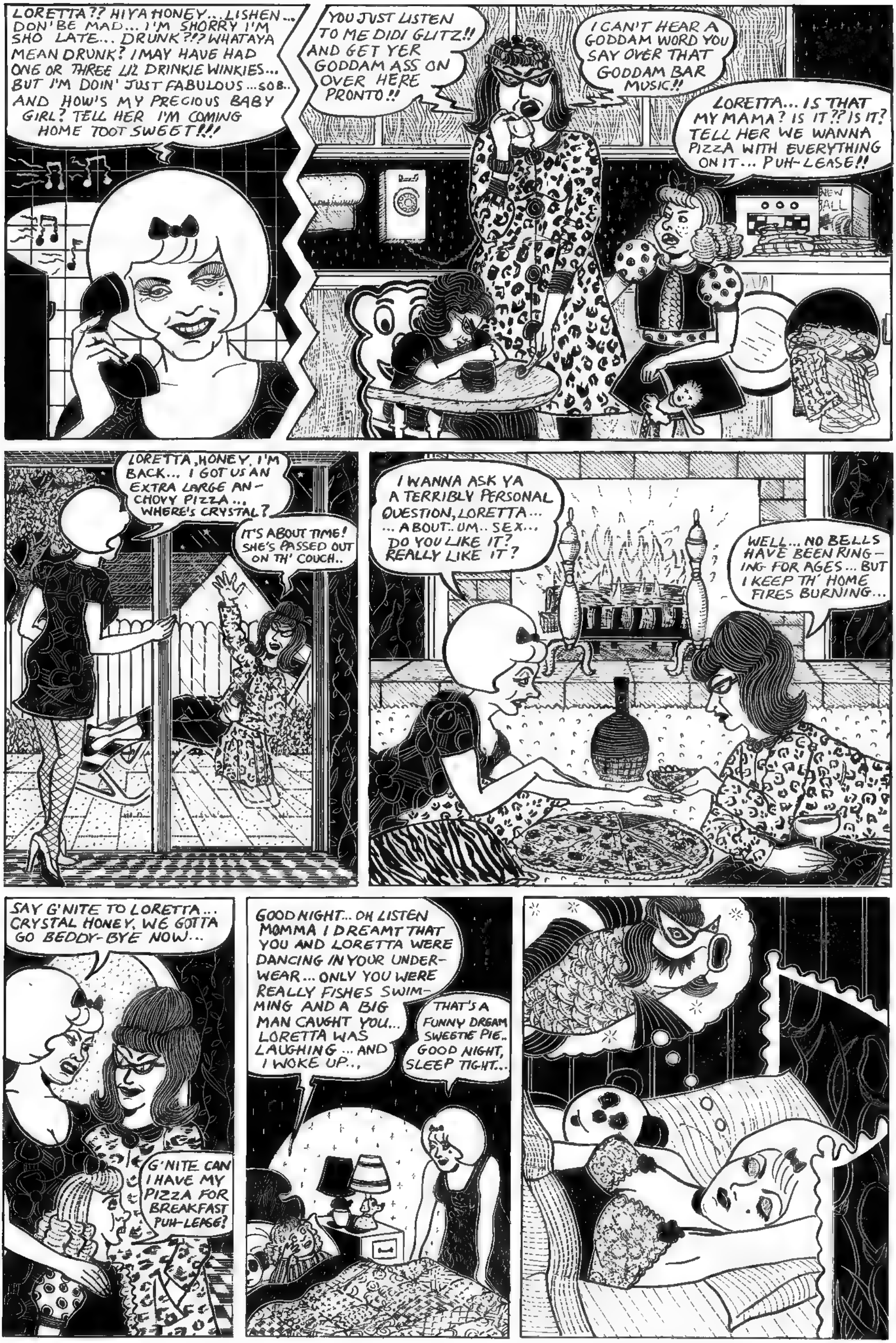
©1986 Diane Noomin

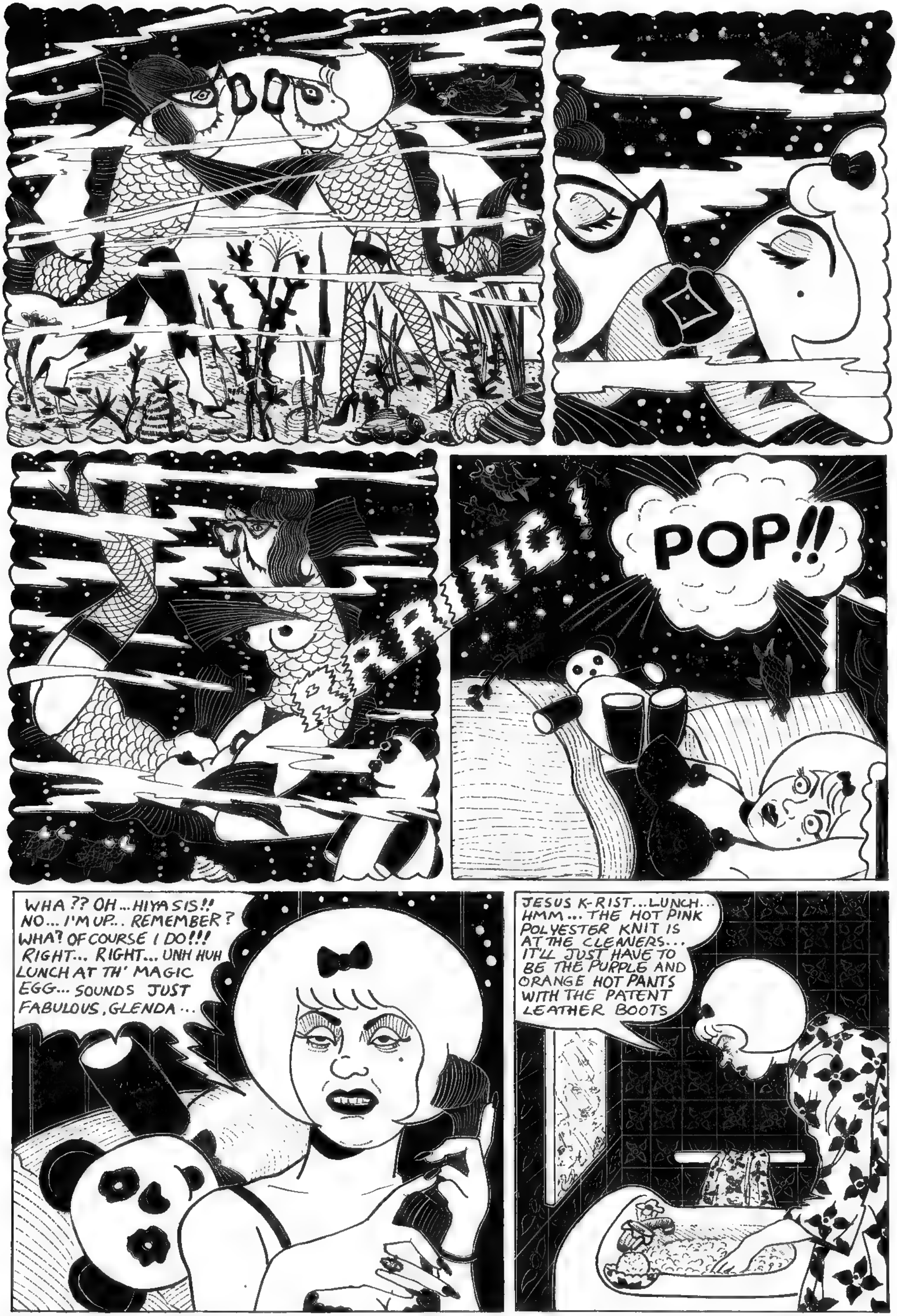

OOOOH!!
HONEY.. YES!!
BYE, HYMIE HONEY... SEE YA SOON??
HE-EY.. COOL IT DIDI BABY... NO STRINGS FOR OL' HYMIE! THAS' MY GOOD GIRL..CIAO!
THEY STICK IT IN...
THEY PULL IT OUT...
WHO NEEDS IT?
I'M SICK 'N TIRED OF THESE WHAM-BAM-THANK YOU MA'AM-TYPES!!
YA TRY 'N GET A FEW HUGS OUTTA THE DEAL... AND THESE JERKS ACT LIKE YER PROPOSIN' TO 'EM FER CHRISSAKES!!
WHAT'S TH' USE? I'M SO GOD DAMNED LONELY!!
IT'S ALL MY FAULT!!! SO HE'S A LOUSY LAY... SO THEY'RE ALL LOUSY LAYS.... I CAN'T COME ANYWAY!!

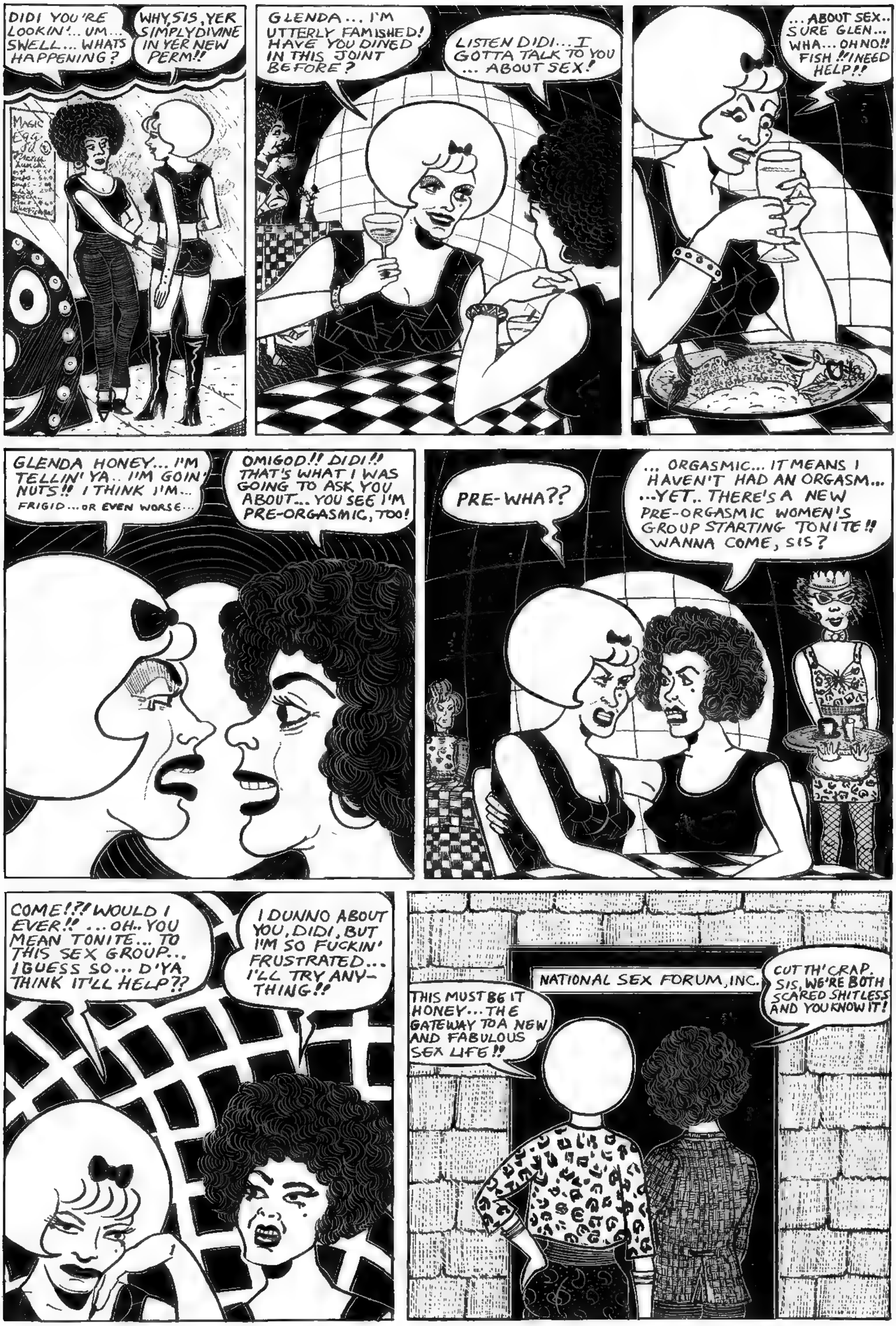

FRIGID!?!
NO... DIRTY... DON'T TOUCH...
GODDAMIT!! WHY CAN'T I TOUCH IT, ARREADY?!?
STOPPIT DIDI!! WHATSA MATTER YA GOTTA ITCH?
1942 MAY
IF I CATCH YOU TWO KIDS PLAYING DOCTOR DOWN HERE ONE MORE TIME... I'LL KILL YA!!
ULP..
JEEZ..
DON'T DO THIS... DON'T DO THAT... DON'T... DON'T... DON'T... DON'T... THEY MUST HAVE DONE IT AT LEAST TWICE TO WIND UP WITH ME 'N GLENDA!!

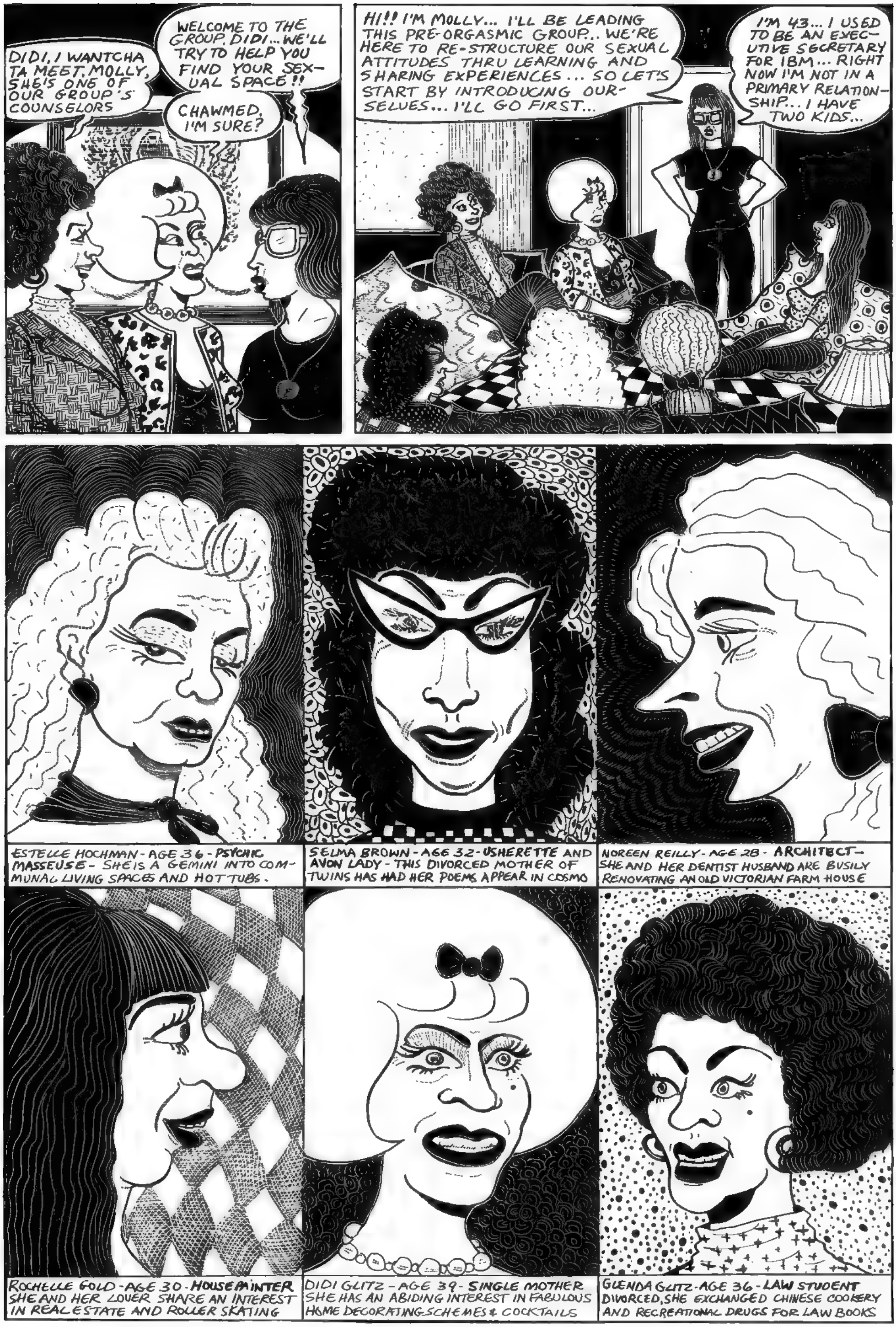

?
AHH... NATHAN.. DON'T... STOP... DON'T STOP.. OOH DON'T...
UNH..UNG...
OH MAMA...JUST WAIT 'TIL YOU SEE DIDI THIS TIME SHE'S GETTING TO BE SOOO A-- DOR---ABLE--- OH NO!! NO! STOPPIT BAD DIDI NO!!
WELL... I NEVER... IRMA!!
G'NITE DIDI... SWEETHEART
'NITE POPPA...
IT'S SO DARK 'N SCARY IN THERE!
UNH...OOOH...NO..BAD... UH... FEELS GOOD... UH... BETTER DEFROST TH' FREEZER SOON... OOOH... GOTTA DRY CLEAN TH' PAISLEY DRAPES... NOOO... STOPPIT...
CRYSTAL WILL BE HOME FROM SCHOOL ANY MINUTE...OOOH BETTER... STOP.. CAN'T..TAKE IT.. NO..NO..NO
JESUS H. CHRIST... I CAN'T TAKE IT ANY MORE!! SO AWRITE AREADY... MAYBE I'M A PERVERT... A LESBO... A MIDDLE-AGED OVER-SEXED... FRIGID.... FRUSTRATED FREAK... I DON'T CARE...I'LL TRY ANYTHING... I CAN'T STAND IT.. I JUST CAN'T...
LIVE SEX ALL GIRLS
EX
ULT Books 1010
LATEX Novelti
LATEX NOVE

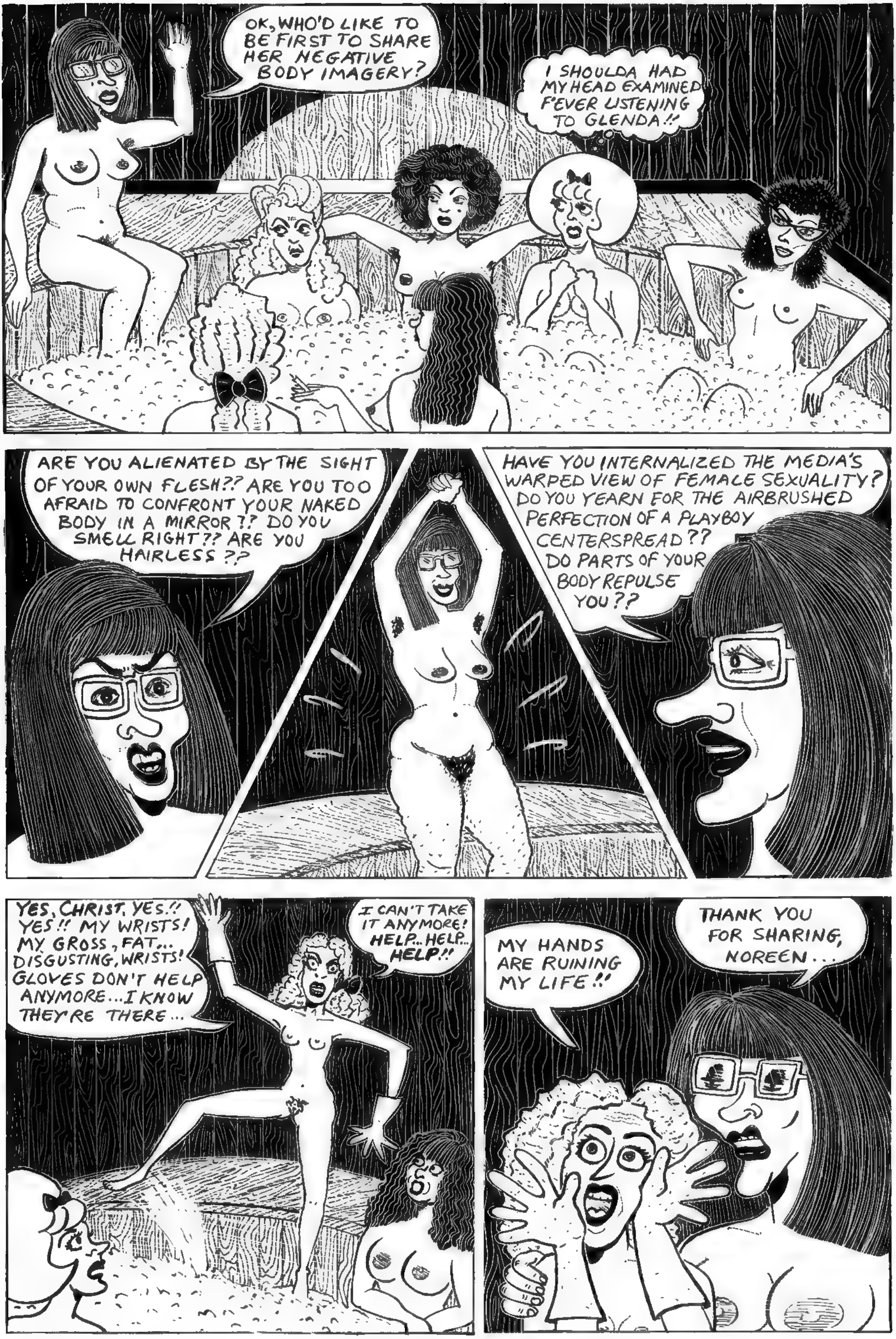

PSSST!! MISTER.. IWANNA BUY A SEXUAL AID..
GAY BOYS ADULT ONLY
CHAINS
SHE
CHIC
SLUT
SLUT
SLUT
BUTT
HEY ALFIE BOY!! C'MON OUT!! HERE'S A DAME THAT NEEDS IT... YAGOT IT FOR HER ALFIE? OR MAYBE I'M YER TYPE ?!? HOWZABOUT IT SUGAR?
DUH... SURE THING BOSS...
SHUDDAP ASSHOLE!! WHY DON'T YOU CRAWL BACK UNDER YOUR ROCK AND TAKE YOUR SLIMEY PAL WITH YOU... NOW ONE OF YOU BOZOS SELL ME A GODDAMN VIBRATOR!!
ULP...
GULP..
OOOH... GAWD... UNGH... IT'S SOOO GOOD!! YES!! OOH..NO... NO... I... CAN'T... STOPPIT.... AIEEEE.. OOH.. GOTTA PEE... NO... CAN'T TAKE IT ANY MORE... NOOO... UNH... UNH... SHIT!!!
MAYBE THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH ME DOWN THERE.... A DOCTOR'S WHAT I NEED! A NICE YOUNG MAN...
WELL NOW YOUNG LADY... I CAN'T FIND ANYTHING WRONG WITH YOU... YOU NEED TO MEET A NICE YOUNG MAN AND SETTLE DOWN...
HEY BARTENDER!! KEEP TH' GOLDEN CADILLACS COMING... WHA' TIME ISH IT??
IT'S 9:30, BABY TIME TO GET A GRIP ON YOURSELF..
OH GOD... LORETTA'S GONNA BE SIMPLY FURIOUS!! SHE HATES BABYSITTING... I WAS S'POSED TO PICK UP CRYSTAL AT 6:00... I'LL CALL 'N 'SPLAIN... MAYBE WE CAN HAVE A HEART TO HEART CHAT...

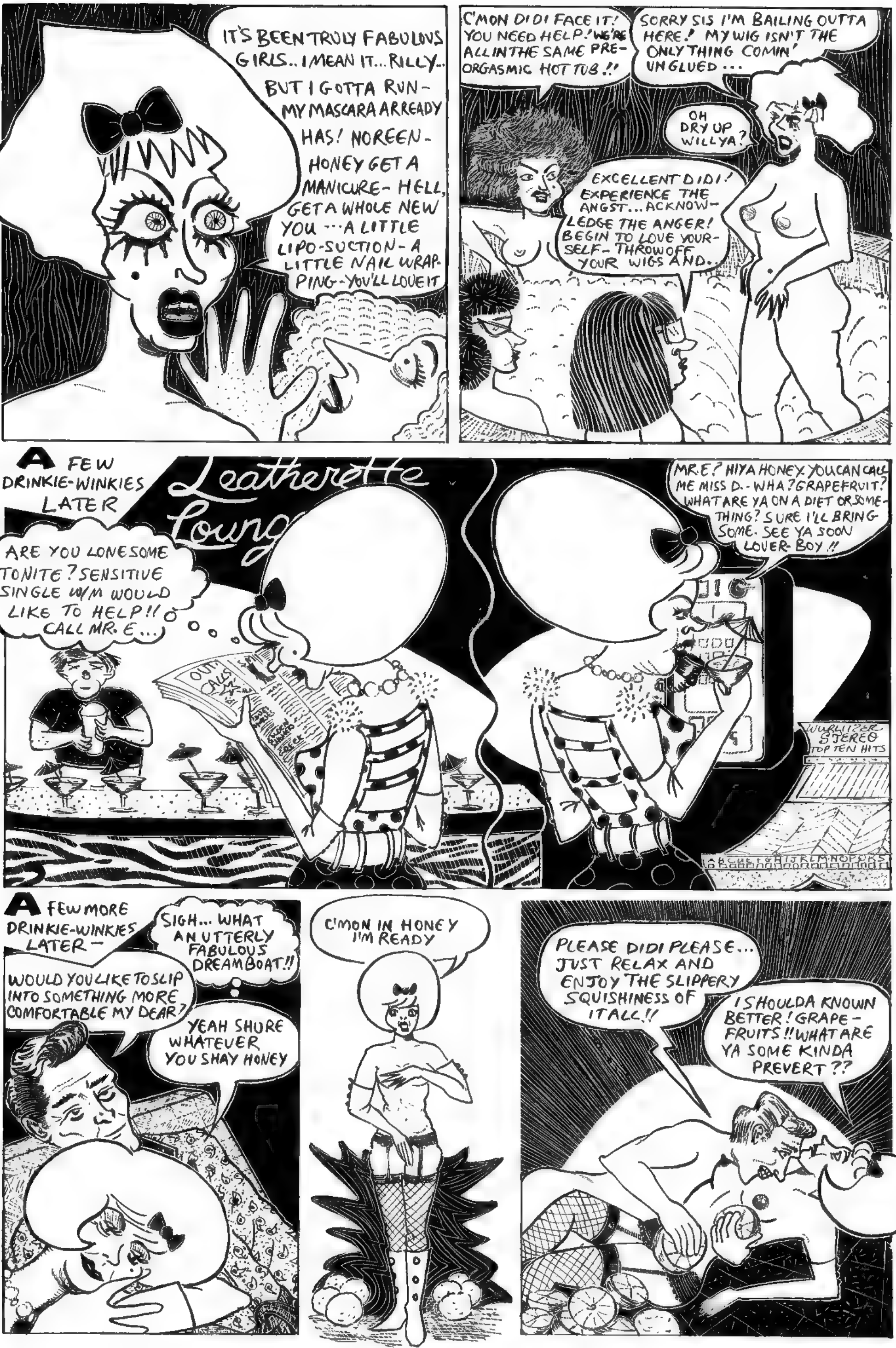

LORETTA?? HIYA HONEY... LISHEN... DON' BE MAD... I'M SHORRY I'M SHO LATE... DRUNK?!? WHATAYA MEAN DRUNK? I MAY HAVE HAD ONE OR THREE LIL DRINKIE WINKIES... BUT I'M DOIN' JUST FABULOUS ...SOB.. AND HOW'S MY PRECIOUS BABY GIRL? TELL HER I'M COMING HOME TOOT SWEET!!!
YOU JUST LISTEN TO ME DIDI GLITZ!! AND GET YER GODDAM ASS ON OVER HERE PRONTO!!
I CAN'T HEAR A GODDAM WORD YOU SAY OVER THAT GODDAM BAR MUSIC!!
LORETTA... IS THAT MY MAMA? IS IT?? IS IT? TELL HER WE WANNA PIZZA WITH EVERYTHING ON IT... PUH-LEASE!!
NEW
ALL
LORETTA, HONEY, I'M BACK... I GOT US AN EXTRA LARGE ANCHOVY PIZZA... WHERE'S CRYSTAL?
IT'S ABOUT TIME! SHE'S PASSED OUT ON TH' COUCH..
I WANNA ASK YA A TERRIBLY PERSONAL QUESTION, LORETTA... ...ABOUT.. UM.. SEX... DO YOU LIKE IT? REALLY LIKE IT?
WELL... NO BELLS HAVE BEEN RINGING FOR AGES... BUT I KEEP TH' HOME FIRES BURNING...
SAY G'NITE TO LORETTA... CRYSTAL HONEY, WE GOTTA GO BEDDY-BYE NOW...
G'NITE CAN I HAVE MY PIZZA FOR BREAKFAST PUH-LEASE?
GOOD NIGHT... OH LISTEN MOMMA I DREAMT THAT YOU AND LORETTA WERE DANCING IN YOUR UNDERWEAR... ONLY YOU WERE REALLY FISHES SWIMMING AND A BIG MAN CAUGHT YOU... LORETTA WAS LAUGHING ... AND I WOKE UP..,
THAT'S A FUNNY DREAM SWEETIE PIE.. GOOD NIGHT, SLEEP TIGHT...

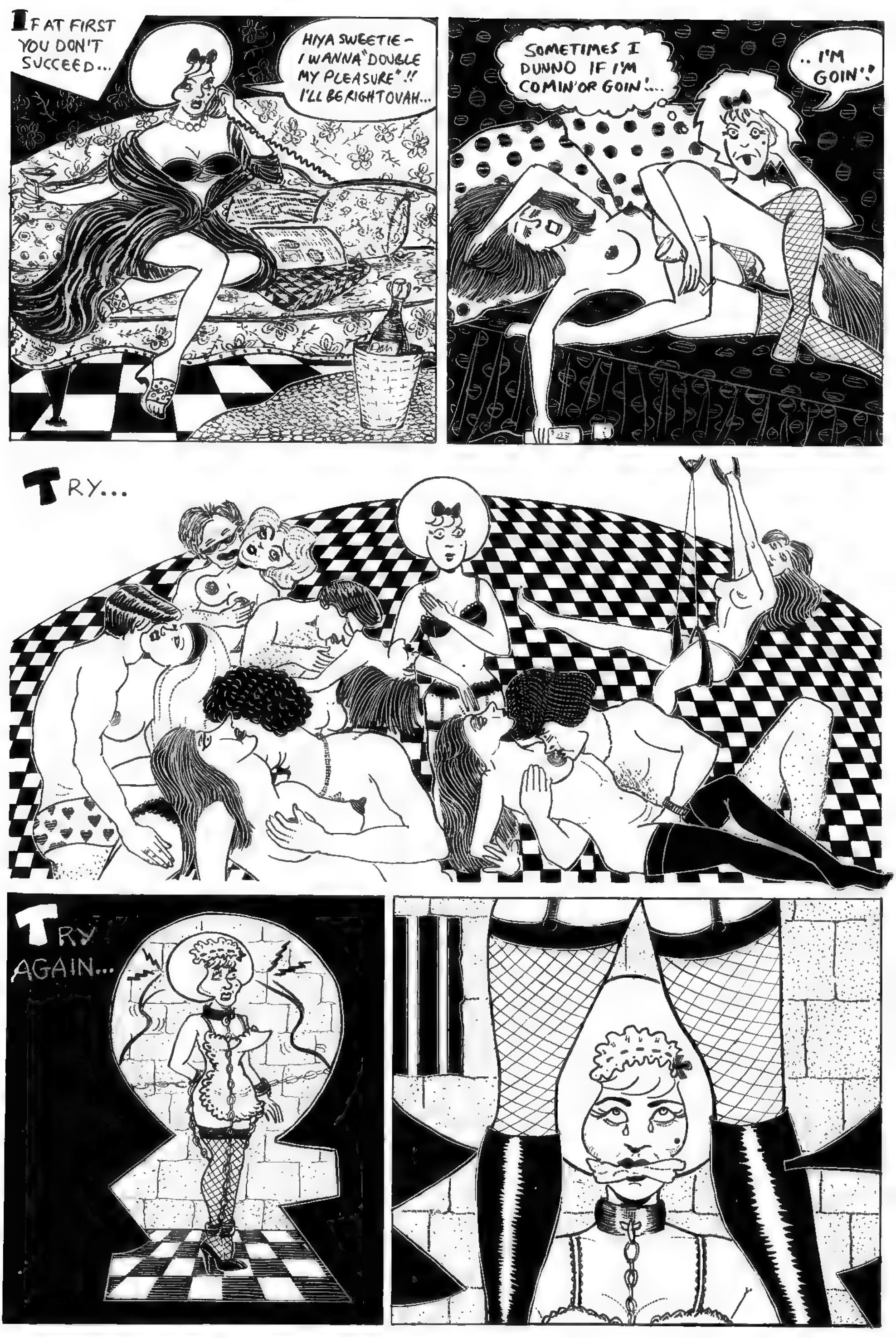

BRRING!
POP!!
WHA?? OH...HIYA SIS!! NO... I'M UP.. REMEMBER? WHA? OF COURSE I DO!!! RIGHT... RIGHT... UNH HUH LUNCH AT TH' MAGIC EGG... SOUNDS JUST FABULOUS, GLENDA...
JESUS K-RIST...LUNCH... HMM... THE HOT PINK POLYESTER KNIT IS AT THE CLEANERS... IT'LL JUST HAVE TO BE THE PURPLE AND ORANGE HOT PANTS WITH THE PATENT LEATHER BOOTS

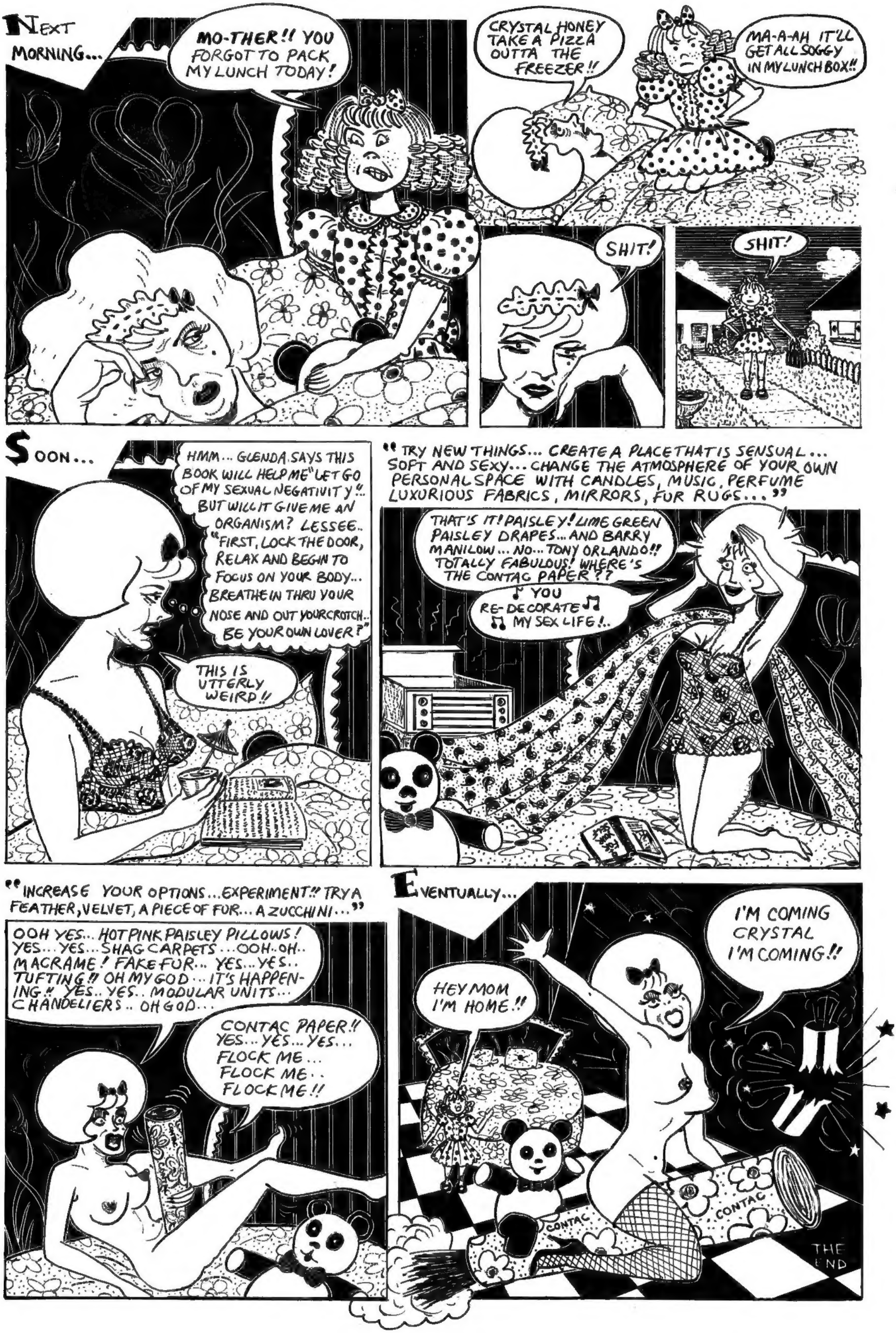

DIDI YOU'RE LOOKIN'... UM... SWELL... WHATS HAPPENING?
WHY, SIS, YER SIMPLY DIVINE IN YER NEW PERM!!
Magic Egg
GLENDA... I'M UTTERLY FAMISHED! HAVE YOU DINED IN THIS JOINT BEFORE?
LISTEN DIDI... I GOTTA TALK TO YOU ... ABOUT SEX!
... ABOUT SEX.. SURE GLEN... WHA... OH NO!! FISH!! I NEED HELP!!
GLENDA HONEY... I'M TELLIN' YA.. I'M GOIN' NUTS!! I THINK I'M... FRIGID... OR EVEN WORSE...
OMIGOD!! DIDI!! THAT'S WHAT I WAS GOING TO ASK YOU ABOUT... YOU SEE I'M PRE-ORGASMIC, TOO!
PRE-WHA??
... ORGASMIC... IT MEANS I HAVEN'T HAD AN ORGASM... ...YET.. THERE'S A NEW PRE-ORGASMIC WOMEN'S GROUP STARTING TONITE!! WANNA COME, SIS?
COME!?! WOULD I EVER!! ...OH.. YOU MEAN TONITE... TO THIS SEX GROUP... I GUESS SO... D'YA THINK IT'LL HELP??
I DUNNO ABOUT YOU, DIDI, BUT I'M SO FUCKIN' FRUSTRATED... I'LL TRY ANYTHING!!
NATIONAL SEX FORUM, INC.
THIS MUST BE IT HONEY... THE GATEWAY TO A NEW AND FABULOUS SEX LIFE!!
CUT TH' CRAP. SIS, WE'RE BOTH SCARED SHITLESS AND YOU KNOW IT!


DIDI, I WANTCHA TA MEET MOLLY, SHE'S ONE OF OUR GROUP'S COUNSELORS
WELCOME TO THE GROUP, DIDI... WE'LL TRY TO HELP YOU FIND YOUR SEXUAL SPACE!!
CHAWMED, I'M SURE?
HI!! I'M MOLLY... I'LL BE LEADING THIS PRE-ORGASMIC GROUP... WE'RE HERE TO RE-STRUCTURE OUR SEXUAL ATTITUDES THRU LEARNING AND SHARING EXPERIENCES... SO LET'S START BY INTRODUCING OURSELVES... I'LL GO FIRST...
I'M 43... I USED TO BE AN EXECUTIVE SECRETARY FOR IBM... RIGHT NOW I'M NOT IN A PRIMARY RELATIONSHIP... I HAVE TWO KIDS...
ESTELLE HOCHMAN - AGE 36 - PSYCHIC MASSEUSE - SHE IS A GEMINI INTO COMMUNAL LIVING SPACES AND HOT TUBS.
SELMA BROWN - AGE 32 - USHERETTE AND AVON LADY - THIS DIVORCED MOTHER OF TWINS HAS HAD HER POEMS APPEAR IN COSMO
NOREEN REILLY - AGE 28 - ARCHITECT - SHE AND HER DENTIST HUSBAND ARE BUSILY RENOVATING AN OLD VICTORIAN FARM HOUSE
ROCHELLE GOLD - AGE 30 - HOUSEPAINTER SHE AND HER LOVER SHARE AN INTEREST IN REAL ESTATE AND ROLLER SKATING
DIDI GLITZ - AGE 39 - SINGLE MOTHER SHE HAS AN ABIDING INTEREST IN FABULOUS HOME DECORATING SCHEMES & COCKTAILS
GLENDA GLITZ - AGE 36 - LAW STUDENT DIVORCED, SHE EXCHANGED CHINESE COOKERY AND RECREATIONAL DRUGS FOR LAW BOOKS

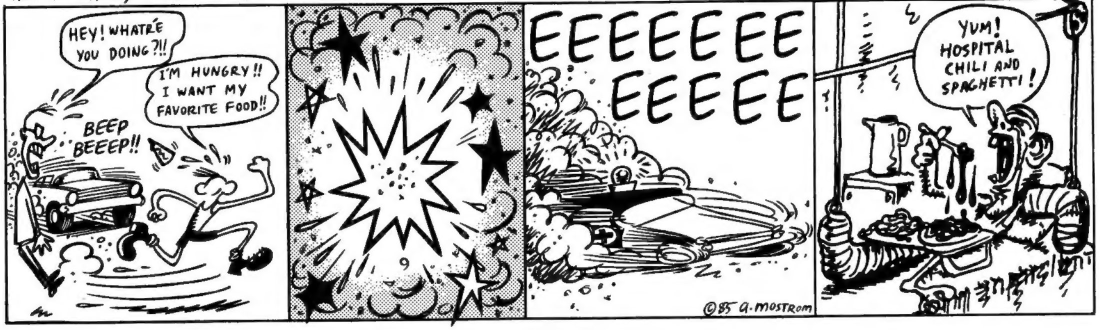

OK, WHO'D LIKE TO BE FIRST TO SHARE HER NEGATIVE BODY IMAGERY?
I SHOULDA HAD MY HEAD EXAMINED F'EVER LISTENING TO GLENDA!!
ARE YOU ALIENATED BY THE SIGHT OF YOUR OWN FLESH?? ARE YOU TOO AFRAID TO CONFRONT YOUR NAKED BODY IN A MIRROR?! DO YOU SMELL RIGHT?? ARE YOU HAIRLESS??
HAVE YOU INTERNALIZED THE MEDIA'S WARPED VIEW OF FEMALE SEXUALITY? DO YOU YEARN FOR THE AIRBRUSHED PERFECTION OF A PLAYBOY CENTERSPREAD?? DO PARTS OF YOUR BODY REPULSE YOU??
YES, CHRIST, YES!! YES!! MY WRISTS! MY GROSS, FAT... DISGUSTING, WRISTS! GLOVES DON'T HELP ANYMORE... I KNOW THEY'RE THERE...
I CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE! HELP... HELP... HELP!!
MY HANDS ARE RUINING MY LIFE!!
THANK YOU FOR SHARING, NOREEN...

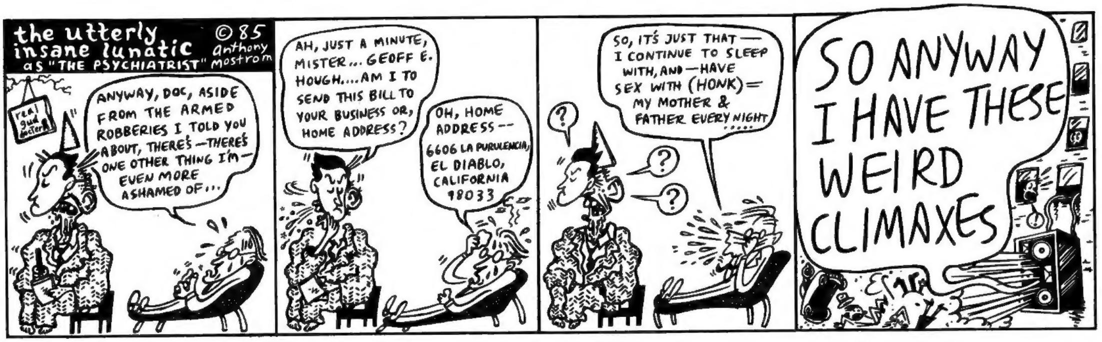

IT'S BEEN TRULY FABULOUS GIRLS.. I MEAN IT... RILLY.. BUT I GOTTA RUN- MY MASCARA ARREADY HAS! NOREEN- HONEY GET A MANICURE- HELL, GET A WHOLE NEW YOU ...A LITTLE LIPO-SUCTION- A LITTLE NAIL WRAPPING- YOU'LL LOVE IT
C'MON DIDI FACE IT! YOU NEED HELP! WE'RE ALL IN THE SAME PRE-ORGASMIC HOT TUB!!
SORRY SIS I'M BAILING OUTTA HERE! MY WIG ISN'T THE ONLY THING COMIN' UNGLUED...
OH DRY UP WILLYA?
EXCELLENT DIDI! EXPERIENCE THE ANGST... ACKNOWLEDGE THE ANGER! BEGIN TO LOVE YOURSELF- THROW OFF YOUR WIGS AND..
A FEW DRINKIE-WINKIES LATER
Leatherette Lounge
ARE YOU LONESOME TONITE? SENSITIVE SINGLE W/M WOULD LIKE TO HELP!! CALL MR. E...
OUT CALLS
MR. E? HIYA HONEY. YOU CAN CALL ME MISS D.- WHA? GRAPEFRUIT? WHAT ARE YA ON A DIET OR SOMETHING? SURE I'LL BRING SOME. SEE YA SOON LOVER-BOY!!
WURLITZER STEREO TOP TEN HITS
A FEW MORE DRINKIE-WINKIES LATER-
SIGH... WHAT AN UTTERLY FABULOUS DREAMBOAT!!
WOULD YOU LIKE TO SLIP INTO SOMETHING MORE COMFORTABLE MY DEAR?
YEAH SHURE WHATEVER YOU SHAY HONEY
C'MON IN HONEY I'M READY
PLEASE DIDI PLEASE... JUST RELAX AND ENJOY THE SLIPPERY SQUISHINESS OF IT ALL!!
I SHOULDA KNOWN BETTER! GRAPEFRUITS!! WHAT ARE YA SOME KINDA PREVERT??

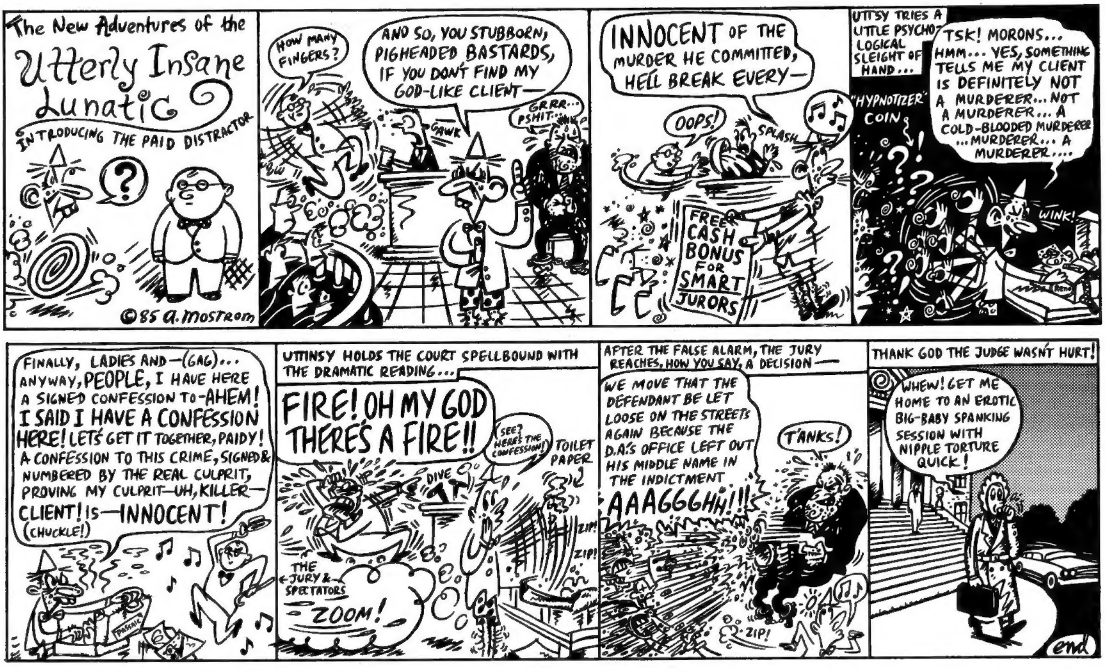

IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED...
HIYA SWEETIE - I WANNA "DOUBLE MY PLEASURE"!! I'LL BE RIGHT OVAH...
SOMETIMES I DUNNO IF I'M COMIN' OR GOIN'...
.. I'M GOIN'!
TRY...
TRY!! AGAIN...


NEXT MORNING...
MO-THER!! YOU FORGOT TO PACK MY LUNCH TODAY!
CRYSTAL HONEY TAKE A PIZZA OUTTA THE FREEZER!!
MA-A-AH IT'LL GET ALL SOGGY IN MY LUNCH BOX!!
SHIT!
SHIT!
SOON...
HMM... GLENDA SAYS THIS BOOK WILL HELP ME "LET GO OF MY SEXUAL NEGATIVITY"... BUT WILL IT GIVE ME AN ORGANISM? LESSEE.. "FIRST, LOCK THE DOOR, RELAX AND BEGIN TO FOCUS ON YOUR BODY... BREATHE IN THRU YOUR NOSE AND OUT YOUR CROTCH.. BE YOUR OWN LOVER?"
THIS IS UTTERLY WEIRD!!
"TRY NEW THINGS... CREATE A PLACE THAT IS SENSUAL... SOFT AND SEXY... CHANGE THE ATMOSPHERE OF YOUR OWN PERSONAL SPACE WITH CANDLES, MUSIC, PERFUME LUXURIOUS FABRICS, MIRRORS, FUR RUGS..."
THAT'S IT! PAISLEY! LIME GREEN PAISLEY DRAPES... AND BARRY MANILOW... NO... TONY ORLANDO!! TOTALLY FABULOUS! WHERE'S THE CONTAC PAPER??
♪ YOU RE-DECORATE ♫ ♫ MY SEX LIFE!.
"INCREASE YOUR OPTIONS... EXPERIMENT!! TRY A FEATHER, VELVET, A PIECE OF FUR... A ZUCCHINI..."
OOH YES... HOT PINK PAISLEY PILLOWS! YES... YES... SHAG CARPETS... OOH.. OH.. MACRAME! FAKE FUR.. YES... YES.. TUFTING!! OH MY GOD... IT'S HAPPENING!! YES.. YES.. MODULAR UNITS... CHANDELIERS.. OH GOD...
CONTAC PAPER!! YES... YES... YES... FLOCK ME... FLOCK ME.. FLOCK ME!!
CONTAC
EVENTUALLY...
HEY MOM I'M HOME!!
I'M COMING CRYSTAL I'M COMING!!
CONTAC
CONTAC
THE END

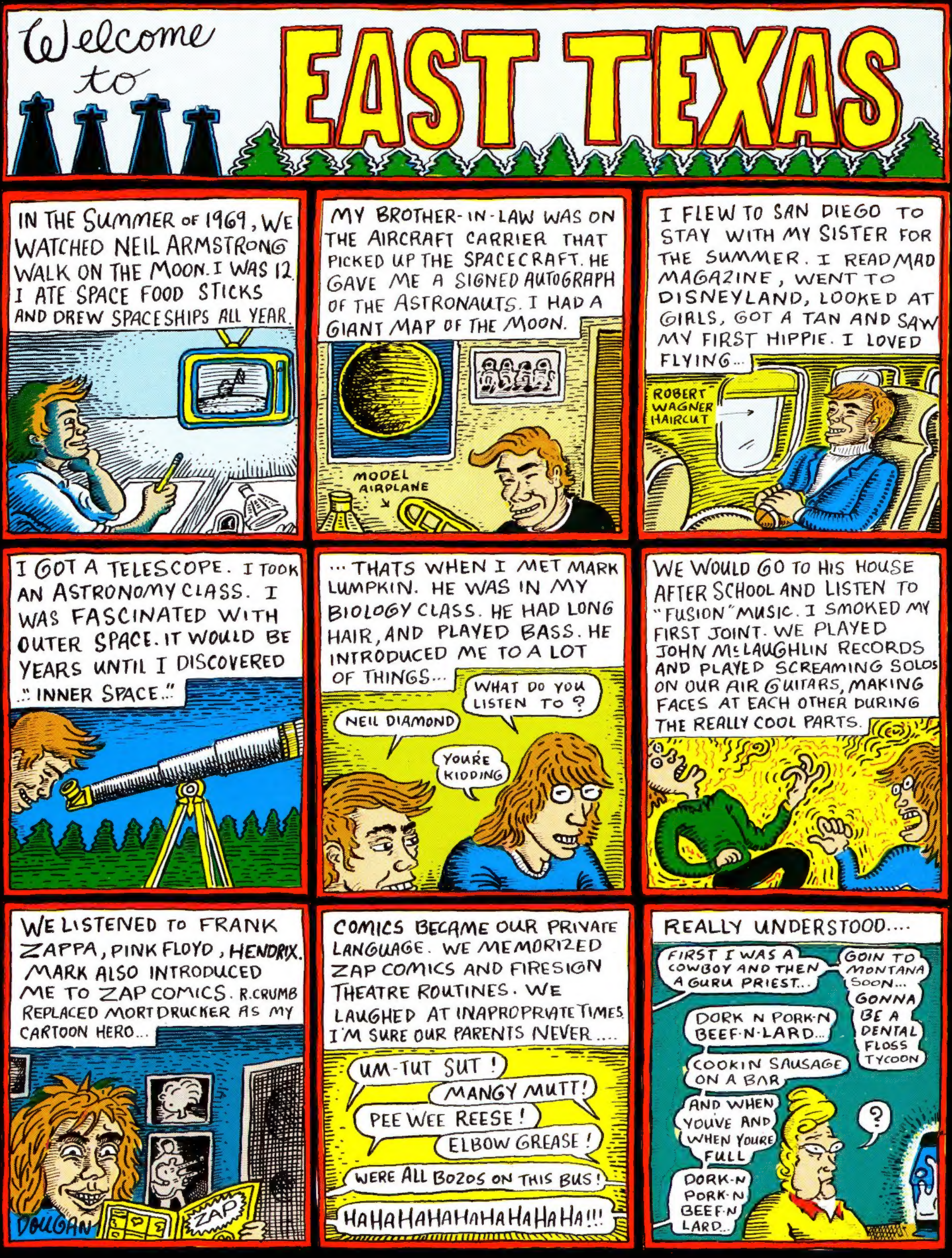
How the Utterly Insane Lunatic Gets His Favorite Food


HEY! WHAT'RE YOU DOING?!!
I'M HUNGRY!! I WANT MY FAVORITE FOOD!!
BEEP BEEEP!!
EEEEEEE EEEEE
YUM! HOSPITAL CHILI AND SPAGHETTI!
©85 a. MOSTROM


the utterly insane lunatic as "THE PSYCHIATRIST"
©85 anthony mostrom
real gud doctor
ANYWAY, DOC, ASIDE FROM THE ARMED ROBBERIES I TOLD YOU ABOUT, THERE'S—THERE'S ONE OTHER THING I'M—EVEN MORE ASHAMED OF...
AH, JUST A MINUTE, MISTER... GEOFF E. HOUGH....AM I TO SEND THIS BILL TO YOUR BUSINESS OR, HOME ADDRESS?
OH, HOME ADDRESS-- 6606 LA PURULENCIA, EL DIABLO, CALIFORNIA 98033
?
?
?
SO, IT'S JUST THAT— I CONTINUE TO SLEEP WITH, AND—HAVE SEX WITH (HONK)= MY MOTHER & FATHER EVERY NIGHT
SO ANYWAY I HAVE THESE WEIRD CLIMAXES


The New Adventures of the Utterly Insane Lunatic
INTRODUCING THE PAID DISTRACTOR
?
©85 a. mostrom
HOW MANY FINGERS?
AND SO, YOU STUBBORN, PIGHEADED BASTARDS, IF YOU DON'T FIND MY GOD-LIKE CLIENT—
GAWK
GRRR... PSHIT...
INNOCENT OF THE MURDER HE COMMITTED, HE'LL BREAK EVERY—
OOPS!
SPLASH
FREE CASH BONUS FOR SMART JURORS
UTTSY TRIES A LITTLE PSYCHOLOGICAL SLEIGHT OF HAND...
"HYPNOTIZER" COIN
TSK! MORONS... HMM... YES, SOMETHING TELLS ME MY CLIENT IS DEFINITELY NOT A MURDERER... NOT A MURDERER... A COLD-BLOODED MURDERER ...MURDERER... A MURDERER....
WINK!
FINALLY, LADIES AND—(GAG)... ANYWAY, PEOPLE, I HAVE HERE A SIGNED CONFESSION TO-AHEM! I SAID I HAVE A CONFESSION HERE! LET'S GET IT TOGETHER, PAIDY! A CONFESSION TO THIS CRIME, SIGNED & NUMBERED BY THE REAL CULPRIT, PROVING MY CULPRIT—UH, KILLER—CLIENT! IS—INNOCENT! (CHUCKLE!)
UTTINSY HOLDS THE COURT SPELLBOUND WITH THE DRAMATIC READING...
FIRE! OH MY GOD THERE'S A FIRE!!
(SEE? HERE'S THE CONFESSION!)
TOILET PAPER
DIVE
ZIP!
ZIP!
THE JURY & SPECTATORS
ZOOM!
AFTER THE FALSE ALARM, THE JURY REACHES, HOW YOU SAY, A DECISION—
WE MOVE THAT THE DEFENDANT BE LET LOOSE ON THE STREETS AGAIN BECAUSE THE D.A.'S OFFICE LEFT OUT HIS MIDDLE NAME IN THE INDICTMENT
AAAGGGHH!!!
T'ANKS!
ZIP!
THANK GOD THE JUDGE WASN'T HURT!
WHEW! GET ME HOME TO AN EROTIC BIG-BABY SPANKING SESSION WITH NIPPLE TORTURE QUICK!
end

Welcome to EAST TEXAS



IN THE SUMMER OF 1969, WE WATCHED NEIL ARMSTRONG WALK ON THE MOON. I WAS 12. I ATE SPACE FOOD STICKS AND DREW SPACESHIPS ALL YEAR.

MY BROTHER-IN-LAW WAS ON THE AIRCRAFT CARRIER THAT PICKED UP THE SPACECRAFT. HE GAVE ME A SIGNED AUTOGRAPH OF THE ASTRONAUTS. I HAD A GIANT MAP OF THE MOON.

MODEL AIRPLANE

I FLEW TO SAN DIEGO TO STAY WITH MY SISTER FOR THE SUMMER. I READ MAD MAGAZINE, WENT TO DISNEYLAND, LOOKED AT GIRLS, GOT A TAN AND SAW MY FIRST HIPPIE. I LOVED FLYING...

ROBERT WAGNER HAIRCUT

I GOT A TELESCOPE. I TOOK AN ASTRONOMY CLASS. I WAS FASCINATED WITH OUTER SPACE. IT WOULD BE YEARS UNTIL I DISCOVERED ..."INNER SPACE."

... THATS WHEN I MET MARK LUMPKIN. HE WAS IN MY BIOLOGY CLASS. HE HAD LONG HAIR, AND PLAYED BASS. HE INTRODUCED ME TO A LOT OF THINGS...

WHAT DO YOU LISTEN TO?
NEIL DIAMOND
YOU'RE KIDDING

WE WOULD GO TO HIS HOUSE AFTER SCHOOL AND LISTEN TO "FUSION" MUSIC. I SMOKED MY FIRST JOINT. WE PLAYED JOHN McLAUGHLIN RECORDS AND PLAYED SCREAMING SOLOS ON OUR AIR GUITARS, MAKING FACES AT EACH OTHER DURING THE REALLY COOL PARTS.

WE LISTENED TO FRANK ZAPPA, PINK FLOYD, HENDRIX. MARK ALSO INTRODUCED ME TO ZAP COMICS. R. CRUMB REPLACED MORT DRUCKER AS MY CARTOON HERO...

COMICS BECAME OUR PRIVATE LANGUAGE. WE MEMORIZED ZAP COMICS AND FIRESIGN THEATRE ROUTINES. WE LAUGHED AT INAPROPRIATE TIMES. I'M SURE OUR PARENTS NEVER ....

UM-TUT SUT!
MANGY MUTT!
PEE WEE REESE!
ELBOW GREASE!
WERE ALL BOZOS ON THIS BUS!
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!

REALLY UNDERSTOOD....

FIRST I WAS A COWBOY AND THEN A GURU PRIEST...
GOIN TO MONTANA SOON... GONNA BE A DENTAL FLOSS TYCOON
DORK N PORK-N BEEF-N LARD...
COOKIN SAUSAGE ON A BAR
AND WHEN YOUVE AND WHEN YOURE FULL
DORK-N PORK-N BEEF-N LARD...
?

A Pyramid Scan
CW.
C2C • Quality • CBZ